BEHIND BRITAIN'S RAIDS ON FRANCE

Rehearsal for a Western Front? . . . Claude Cockburn cables the confessions of a Nazi general.

NEW MASSES

MARCH 17, 1942 15c

WHY CLIVEDEN HATES US

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1942

Cromwell Seeks to Sue
'New Masses' to Death

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Between Ourselves

WE IN the office have many memories of Tom Mooney, perhaps none so vivid as an informal visit he made to NM not long after his release from San Quentin. He was probably in better health at that time than he had been for most of the past several years, yet the weariness and illness of prison life still showed in his face. But not in his manner—Tom laughed often that afternoon, asked us lively questions, and patiently answered queries that he must have had to answer a hundred times since the prison doors were opened to admit him back to the world where he belonged. It was a hot July afternoon, only a few days before the Fourth, and an occasional firecracker in the streets, celebrating America's Day of Independence in advance, punctuated the conversation every so often. We recall that one of the things that impressed us most strongly was Tom's knowledge and understanding of things that had taken place in the world outside while he was shut away in a cell. And we remembered his deep courtesy and modesty; pressed as he was for time with thousands wanting to see him, he gave us his time, talking as little about himself as possible, expressing his gratitude for whatever NM had done to advance his freedom. His death gives us a sense of personal loss, as well as a deep sense of loss to America.

PEARL S. BUCK, Nobel Prize winner and author of the current best-seller *Dragon Seed,* has reviewed for NM the new novel by John Steinbeck, *The Moon Is Down.* The review will appear in next week's issue.

We are also pleased to announce that next week will mark the beginning of a column on "Books and Authors" by Samuel Sillen. This new and important feature will appear each week in addition to the Review and Comment section. The column will regularly survey and interpret books, authors, literary trends and problems.

THE TEMPEST begun by Bruce Minton's telling—not all, but an impressive lot—about the Cliveden set, does not subside. Indeed, it grows, a phenomenon due in no small part to the Clivedeners' own habit of protesting too much. However, the indignation of good Americans at the people whom Minton exposed is a tempest in itself, and a very healthy one. We'd know this merely from the letters we receive. Typical is the following from Mrs. Eva Robin of New York, who writes that after reading Minton's expose, "I recalled being shown sparkling, clear water which, on examination, was found to contain the deadly germs of typhoid fever. This Washington Cliveden set is as dangerous as a seeping cesspool. . . . I feel convinced that it is no vain war we are fighting if we are to rid ourselves of the Cliveden set the world over, and no sacrifice is too great. Having allowed this menace to vitiate our lives, we owe it to our children and grandchildren to exterminate them as we do deadly germs."

ONE OF our readers writes in to express "surprise at not having seen any mention" in NEW MASSES of a German language publication now being issued in Mexico City. He says it is now in its fourth issue; it is called *Freies Deutschland.* Checks for subscriptions may be made out to Antonio Castro Leal, at Apartado 10214, Mexico DF. The rate is $1.80 per year. The German-American League for Culture at 45 Astor Place in New York City also has more information about it. Our reader reminds us, too, that such writers as Andre Simone, Egon Erwin Kisch, Anna Seghers, Franz Weiskopf, Ernest Bloch, and many others collaborate on this magazine.

Our only comment is to recall that in "Between Ourselves" for Dec. 2, 1941, we greeted the appearance of this magazine, and we have been following its excellent work ever since. It may also interest our readers to know that the same group of writers, in collaboration with Mexican progressives and many refugees from Spain, is also publishing a four-page weekly letter in Spanish, exposing Nazi, fascist, and Falangist activities in South America. Subscriptions may be secured at the same address as above.

WE AREN'T superstitious about Friday the Thirteenth. In fact we are offering on that day something we have every reason to expect will be a piece of good fortune—the sixth of our "Interpretation, Please!" series, this one on "Culture and the War." On the panel are William Blake, Horace Grenell, Angelo Herndon, Meridel Le Seuer, Bruce Minton, Samuel Sillen, Lynd Ward, and others. It's at Webster Hall, 8:30 PM, and tickets are fifty cents. Please come and participate in the questions and discussion.

AND JUST a word or two about the Quiz Book in addition to the information you will find on the back cover of this issue: orders (meaning two subs) are now coming in and in fact have been arriving for several days. We will be sending out the copies as fast as we can get them from the printer. It's a good idea not to delay the business of securing yours.

Who's Who

LOUIS EMMANUEL MARTIN is editor of the Negro newspaper *The Michigan Chronicle.* . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is an internationally known labor leader. She is now executive secretary of the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder. . . . Huo Kun is the pen name of Mu Shih-ying, famous Chinese novelist. He is best known as the author of *From the South to North Pole* and *The Cemetery.* . . . Millen Brand is the author of *The Outward Room* and *The Heroes.* . . . Constance Hyatt's reviews have appeared before in *NM.*

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
VOLUME XLII MARCH 17 NUMBER 11

THE REAL ISSUE IS THE CLIVEDEN SET

by the Editors

THE Potomac is a beautiful river. But not all the people living on its banks are beautiful either outwardly or inwardly. The exterior doesn't matter, but the interior does. Recently NEW MASSES looked inside certain Washington residents. What it saw was not pleasant, in fact, dangerous to the life of the country. This magazine spoke up in order that the nation might be warned. It was only natural that certain individuals should be all in a dither about NEW MASSES' plain speaking. And to shift the onus from themselves they are now trying the old stop-thief dodge and doing their best to envelop everything in a pea-soup fog of falsehoods, distortions, and irrelevancies.

Three weeks have passed since NEW MASSES published the expose of the Washington Cliveden set by Bruce Minton, its Washington editor. Judging from the shrill comments in certain circles and newspapers, the issue involved is the integrity and patriotism of NEW MASSES and/or Bruce Minton and/or the Communists. These are, however, false issues. Much as it spoils the game of certain folks, *we insist on the real issue: the Washington Cliveden set.* NEW MASSES did not create this

James Cromwell chats with "I-Am-the-Law" Hague of Jersey City who endorsed his candidacy for the US Senate in 1940.

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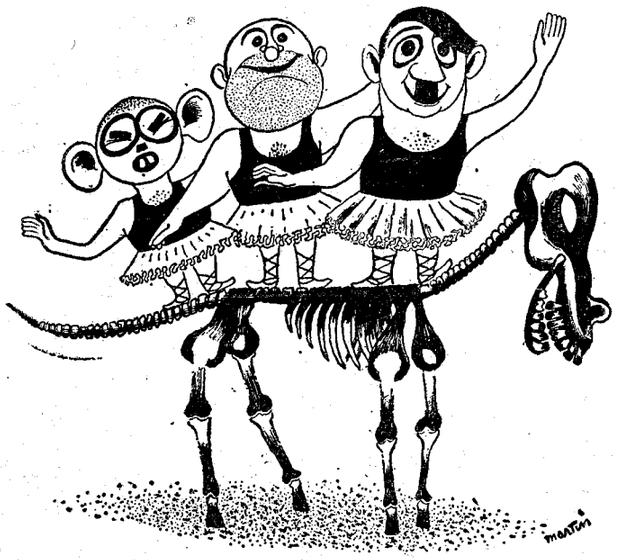
issue. We were not even the first to call attention to it. The President of the United States and an outstanding leader of the Republican Party, Thomas E. Dewey, did that. Our own modest part was simply to supply further information. It may be useful, therefore, to nail down a few of the salient facts.

First, the Washington Cliveden set exists. Appeasement organs like Eleanor Patterson's Washington *Times-Herald* and the New York *Daily News* may ridicule the idea, but the American people will not be so easily persuaded that President Roosevelt and Thomas Dewey are liars. The Cliveden set exists here as it existed in England, France, and every country where a small minority of the very wealthy and effete, who would like to do business with Hitler, gather together for good times, good gossip, dirty intrigue.

Secondly, the Clivedenites are known by their fruits. According to Mr. Dewey, "They are scheming to end the war short of victory. They are waiting for the time to come out in the open with plans for a negotiated peace." (Lincoln Day speech before the National Republican Club.) According to the President, they are people who spread opposition to further aid for Russia (Press conference, February 17). In short, they are the American counterparts of that English group which used to gather at Lady Astor's estate to promote appeasement of Hitler and hostility to the Soviet Union—a policy which brought disaster to their own country.

Finally, the Clivedenites have names. NEW MASSES does not profess to have said the last word on the subject. But when the President of the United States denounces the Washington Cliveden set, it seems to us the elementary duty of a press that is worth its salt and is devoted to the country's interest to find out who they are and name them. As far as we know, only NEW MASSES and the *Daily Worker* made any attempt to perform this duty. When Doris Fleeson in the New York *Daily News* seeks to discredit the NM expose by giving different names—names of persons who actively support the war against the Axis and who are occasionally invited to the home of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, the motive is clear, considering the source. Minton's article pointed out, of course, that in addition to appeasers and Soviet-haters like Ham Fish, Martin Dies, Senators Wheeler and Nye, John L. Lewis, and the Finnish minister, Hjalmar Procope, who are the "regulars" of Mrs. McLean's set, the elegant lady also uses certain innocents



Charles Martin in the Anti-Axis Exhibit

"Three men on a horse."

—as did her prototype, Lady Astor—as window-dressing. In fact, it is part of the Cliveden technique to seek out such innocents in an effort to influence them and pick up bits of information which may be dropped inadvertently. It is also possible that among those who seem to be of Mrs. McLean's inner circle there are some who have unwittingly been duped into this intimacy with appeasers. Such persons can best make their position clear by repudiating the Clivedenites.

MOST unexpected has been the attitude of the newspaper *PM*. This paper has done notable service in exposing fifth columnists and in supporting energetic conduct of the war in closest collaboration with America's allies. It has itself attacked some of those mentioned in Minton's article, such as Fish, Dies, William R. Castle, and the State Department appeasers. Yet surprisingly enough, instead of welcoming our expose of the Clivedenites, *PM* published a story and a Red-baiting editorial by Kenneth G. Crawford attempting to discredit Minton's article. Professing solicitude for the innocent, *PM* actually helped shield the guilty.

Within a few days *PM* received sixty letters protesting the Crawford piece and evidently few, if any, supporting it. The editor replied to these protests in a manner which, to say the least, shows no great respect for his readers' intelligence. "We stand with Crawford because we are against tying tin cans to dogs' tails, whether the victims are lapdogs or underdogs. We are against unfair treatment of dogs—or humans. We are against pushing people around." Did *PM* apply this falsely "humanitarian" doctrine when it recently exposed the fascist, George Deatherage? Did it apply it to Lawrence Dennis, to Coughlin, to Lindbergh, to Ham Fish? On the contrary, *PM* has quite properly demanded strong action against these fifth columnists and has criticized the government for its laxity. Unfortunately, *PM* has tended to nullify this excellent work by itself tying tin cans where they don't belong. Only three days after the editor said he was against pushing people around (this in regard to an underprivileged individual by the name of Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean), he published a scandalous smear of the most militant and consistent anti-fascist in Congress, Rep. Vito Marcantonio. Is this not borrowing the tactics of the Dies committee? Is this not helping the appeasers and fifth columnists who would like nothing better than to replace Marcantonio with a Tammany man of their own stripe?

Another kind of attack on us has been made by two of those mentioned in Minton's article. James H. R. Cromwell, estranged husband of Doris Duke and ex-minister to Canada, has announced in the press that he has brought suit against NEW MASSES for libel. And it is reported that Mrs. McLean, resplendent in her Hope diamond, appeared before a District of Columbia grand jury demanding a criminal libel indictment against Bruce Minton. Judging from the letter Mr. Cromwell sent to the Washington *Post* and the New York *Herald-Tribune* and from other statements he has made, his is a most peculiar libel suit: the plaintiff is evidently not seeking redress of grievances, but publicly proclaims that his chief object is to suppress NEW MASSES! "Closing down the magazine is my real desire," he is quoted as saying by Evalyn Peyton Gordon in the Scripps-Howard Washington *Daily News* of March 4. Offhand, this would seem to be a rather curious way for Mr. Cromwell to demonstrate his devotion to the liberties for which this nation stands. And since NEW MASSES actively supports the war against the Axis, it is hardly the most impressive way of proving that he has no connection with the Washington Cliveden set.

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Cromwell and Mrs. McLean, hostess of "Friendship" House

Mr. Cromwell's letter is an illuminating document in more ways than one. Perhaps one can overlook his sneering "our new comrades" in referring to the Russian people. But not so easily dismissed is this: "I respectfully suggest to His Excellency, the Ambassador of the USSR, that all Communist publications be discontinued for the duration of the war." In other words, Mr. Cromwell, apart from libeling NEW MASSES (which, as he knows, is an independent American publication in existence for thirty-one years), is saying that the Soviet Union, in violation of the solemn pledge it gave in November 1933 when it was recognized by the United States, is secretly maintaining political organs in this country. This is not only an impudent libel on America's great ally, but an attack on our own government, which is thereby accused of tolerating and conniving in the violation of its own diplomatic agreements and its own laws. That is hardly the best way to prove that Mr. Cromwell has no connection with the Cliveden set.

Mr. Cromwell makes much of the fact that two years ago, when the character of the war was quite different from what it is today, NEW MASSES published an editorial criticizing a speech he had made. NEW MASSES has no apologies to make for having refused to go along with Mr. Cromwell in supporting the men who later betrayed France, the Chamberlain appeasers of England, and Hitler's Finnish stooges. Nor need we apologize that, unlike Mr. Cromwell, we at that time were advocating what has since become our government's policy: close collaboration with Soviet Russia. We might also point out that this magazine was fighting for collective security to thwart fascist aggression at a time (1937) when James H. R. Cromwell was writing: "Our formula for maintaining peace, i.e., universal obedience to the laws of scientific money, does not contemplate that the United States should become a party to any League of Nations to prevent war, or enter into any alliances or compacts with any nation or nations under any circumstances. On the contrary, we believe that the United States and other nations should strictly mind their own business. . . ." *(In Defense of Capitalism,* p. 277.) That is the doctrine of the isolationists and appeasers, a doctrine that led this nation and the world to catastrophe.

Since Mr. Cromwell is so interested in the past, perhaps he will recall a conference he attended on or about Nov. 21, 1934. He doesn't recall it? Let us refresh his memory. It was held in Royal Oak, Mich., with Father Coughlin acting as host. This was only a few days after the fascist radio priest had launched his National Union for Social Justice. Mr. Cromwell's role in that conference was evidently quite important, for he served as its spokesman to the press. In those days and for several years after, he was playing around with various schemes for monetary inflation. He was a leading figure in the Committee for the Nation, a big business inflation lobby that was backing Coughlin. Perhaps he remembers another of the leaders of that organization, a man by the name of Gen. Robert E. Wood, who later became head of the America First Committee. And surely he must recall another prominent figure in the Committee for the Nation, Robert M. Harriss of the investment house of Harriss & Vose, New York. Harriss has for years been Father Coughlin's financial adviser. More recently Harriss has contributed financially to Women United, an America First affiliate that sponsored meetings for the convicted Nazi agent, Laura Ingalls. (In John L. Spivak's expose of America First, which NEW MASSES published last year, we presented a photostatic copy of a letter Harriss sent to Women United.)

And no doubt Mr. Cromwell will also recall the secretary of the Committee for the Nation, Dr. Edward A. Rumely. This is the same Dr. Rumely who was a secret German agent in World War I and was later imprisoned for concealing the fact that he had bought the New York *Evening Mail* with German government money. In NEW MASSES of Nov. 13, 1934, John L. Spivak revealed that Rumely had contacts in the highest Nazi circles.

BUT what has all this to do with Mr. Cromwell's present activities and his libel suit? Among Americans a man's associates are generally regarded as an index to his character. Since Mr. Cromwell charges NEW MASSES with libeling him, we think it pertinent to inquire into the kind of company he keeps. And it does seem strange that he should employ his time in attempting to suppress an anti-fascist magazine instead of renouncing and denouncing those old friends of his.

Our quarrel is not with Mr. Cromwell or Mrs. McLean as individuals. The issue, we emphasize again, is the Cliveden set, the appeasers and pro-fascists who seek to undermine our country's fight for survival. And the attack on NEW MASSES, the effort to sue to death a magazine that for years has been in the vanguard of the anti-fascist struggle, is part of the larger assault on the nation's war effort. If they succeed in silencing us, the cause of the American people, of the United Nations will be that much weaker. To all intriguers against our country we say, paraphrasing the words of William Lloyd Garrison in his *Liberator*: "We are in earnest—we will not equivocate—we will not excuse—we will not retreat a single inch—and we will be heard." We are confident that we shall not stand alone.

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REHEARSAL FOR A WESTERN FRONT?

Raids on the continent have raised the hopes of the British people, Claude Cockburn cables. The "safe" way lost Malaya and Singapore.

London (by cable).

"A BOLDER use of the initiative in the earlier stages of the war might well have transformed its course. Full use of blockade against Italy . . . would have ended the period of sham that led, inevitably as it now seems, to the collapse of 1940. That belongs to the past but it is certain that the British people ask nothing better than some similar opportunity of taking time by the forelock." The value of raids on the scale of Vaasgo and Boneval "is not so much what they actually accomplish as in their promise as rehearsals for something larger."

That was the London *Times* the other day editorially pleading for more offensives in Europe. It was the day following Litvinov's speech calling for the second front in the west and Polish Premier Sikorski's message on the same subject. This latter message, by the way, was hardly mentioned in the greater part of the British press and quite a lot of people are asking why. After Litvinov's speech even the London *Evening News*—which only a few days before had been deriding and deploring a call for a second front made in a speech by a minor government minister, the Minister of Pensions—suddenly came out editorially with the flat statement that the second front in Europe is the ideal thing to do. And if that cannot be done on the full scale desirable, then at least the raiding can be carried out on a really big and effective scale.

THE CLUE to this changing attitude in high places is certainly to be found in the grim *Times* references to the inevitable collapse which in 1940 followed the months of cautious defense. When Stalin and millions of British people last year called for offensive action on the European continent as the quickest and safest thing to do in the circumstances, a lot of people way up treated this as though it were some kind of wild "idealistic" call for "sacrifice" by the British "to help the Russians." Churchill himself, as his latest reference to the subject in the Commons made clear, supposed that this was so. He thought that the idea of a second front in Europe was something terribly risky compared to the sound, solid, sure business of the offensive in Libya. And obviously it was thought too that a front in Europe was really a wild sort of "luxury" compared to the sound military methods of defending Malaya and Singapore.

And in addition, as a sharp nemesis for failure in understanding and depth of political prejudice, there was the concentration of forces for the defense of Iran against the Germans, who would be there "when the Russians collapsed."

Just what the hard-dying belief in the Russian "collapse" did to our grand strategy is a long and fairly plain story. Moreover, last year whenever anyone in high places tentatively came out in favor of the second front in Europe, someone was quite certain to jump out of the bushes and shout, "Shipping. Where is your shipping?" All these opinions have been tested by facts which are sufficiently apparent to the entire public. That is why, even in such circles as are represented by the *Times* and the *Evening News,* there is a realization now even openly expressed that after all the "risky" game is the game the "safe and sound" men played, and the "wild men" were after all advocating the safest course. It is also being realized that perhaps they were advocating the only successful course that remains.

That is the intended force and bearing of the *Times* reference to the results of defensiveness and passivity early in the months of war. Equally, of course, it can be taken as a reflection of the attitude toward Vichy and toward the controversies on that subject which have been going on in London and Washington. The analogy between a certain attitude to Vichy and the British official attitude to Italy in the first months of the war is sufficiently obvious. And the reasons for it are not very dissimilar either.

At this moment of renewed struggle for a more offensive policy in the West, an impression has been made here by the publication this week—for the first time in England—of extracts from an article in the German *Militaerwochenblatt* written by the Nazi General Liebmann. Liebmann is analyzing from the German viewpoint the reasons for the success of the German offensive in 1940. His conclusion may not be completely valid and is doubtless oversimplified, but it is strikingly instructive all the same. Liebmann holds the view that, although the British and French governments in the early part of the war seem to have held the most miserable opinion of their own armies' striking power—as distinct from the supposed defensive power of the Maginot Line—in reality, their strength in armaments was even then such as would have justified an offensive with considerable hope of real success.

The French tanks about which so much alarm and despondency were spread at the time, were really, says Liebmann, in some respects superior to the German tanks. What was lacking, he concludes, was not the striking power but the faith in the weapons and the new methods of war. "The opportunity," says the Nazi general significantly, "of breaking through the German front in the West, at the moment when the mass of the Reichswehr was fighting in Poland, was allowed to pass—or rather, it was not even envisaged." It is equally and still more staggeringly true that the opportunity of breaking through the skeleton German front in the West last year, when the mass of the Reichswehr was first engaged in a struggle in Russia which made the Polish campaign look like a parade, was allowed to pass, although this time it was envisaged alike by the Soviet government and a very large section of the British public.

The question which is agitating the public mind here is whether now at long last, this year, it has been seriously "envisaged." Indications such as those in the *Times* are eagerly welcomed. Just as Lord Halifax' dreary observations at Philadelphia are deplored. The removal of Captain Margesson was above all welcomed because the public rightly or wrongly believed, partly on the evidence of a notorious defensive article he wrote and published last year, that Margesson was one of the principal stumbling blocks to the second front. And if the British public is stirred to enthusiasm by the parachute raid at Boneval and the news of the arrival of new American troop contingents in Northern Ireland, it is not because of any sentimental ballyhoo in the papers, and it is not because of the events themselves; it is because the public hopes and partly believes that now there are solid indications that the sort of offensive action the general public and above all the rank-and-file of the Army are longing for is in preparation.

THAT the public is still in a fairly skeptical mood about the matter cannot be denied. There have been too many hopes deferred, too many months of Margessonism, too many exposures of the mental attitude and capacity of some of "our betters" for it to be otherwise. It would be quite wrong to say that the skepticism and cynicism bred of failures in the Far East, inaction in Europe, and incapacity to control the war industries effectively have "lowered the morale" of the people and the Army in the sense that their combativeness and determination on victory have been reduced. As I have reported often enough, the principal thing the army and the people are grousing about is that we are still not getting on fast and hard enough with the job. And the people and the Army are waiting, more hopeful than they have for many a long month, to see whether the Cabinet changes are going to result in the sort of action on all fronts which everyone wants to see.

It is above all the elevation of Sir Stafford Cripps to the War Cabinet which has stirred public hope and instilled a new confidence. The evil forces of every description—ranging from factory owners who do not want their "managerial functions" interfered with to those who would still sabotage, if they could, Anglo-Soviet cooperation—are perfectly aware of this and are certainly hoping somehow to head off or compromise Cripps and thus weaken the popular forces of which he is the symbol. In this respect the coming debates on India are likely to prove crucial not only in relation to the whole situation in the Far East, but also to the situation on the British political front. CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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ZERO HOUR

"The machine guns have begun their rattle. The artillery is preparing. And in a moment we go in. . . ." A Soviet soldier tells what he is fighting for. Illustrated by Gropper.

Moscow (by mail).

COMRADE! They have just read the order to us. At dawn we go into battle. Seven hours until dawn.

It is night. Overhead the faraway twinkling of the stars. And silence. The thunder of the artillery fire has ceased. My neighbor has fallen into a light slumber. Somewhere in the corner a buzz is barely audible. The liaison man is whispering something. . . .

There are moments of a strange kind of silence that are impossible to forget!

Some day I shall recall this night—the night of Oct. 30, 1941. I shall remember the moon drifting over the Don steppe, and how the stars shivered as though chilled. I shall remember how my neighbor tossed in his sleep. And over the hillocks, over the trenches and firing positions, hung a silence—a storm-charged silence. The silence before a battle.

I was lying in the trench, covering my flashlight with the front of my wet overcoat, writing a letter to you, and thinking. . . . And millions of other fighters, from the north Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, were lying, just as I was, on this night on the damp ground, waiting for daybreak and the attack, thinking of life and death, and of their fate.

COMRADE! One wants to live very much. I want to live, to breathe, to be able to walk, to see the sky over my head. But I do not want to live just any kind of a life. I am not interested in just being alive—in just existing.

Last night a man crawled into our trench "from the other shore." Escaped from the fascists. He came crawling on swollen legs, on skinned and bloody elbows. When he saw us, his own people, he began to cry. He kept shaking hands. He wanted to embrace everyone. His face jerked; his lips quivered. We gave him some bread and butter and tobacco. After he had finished eating, he quieted down and told us about the Germans; he told us of rape, torture, robbery. Listening to him made one's blood boil and the heart pound faster.

I saw the man's back. I could look at nothing else. My eyes were glued to his back. It was more frightful than any story.

It had been only a month and a half that this man had lived under fascist rule, but his back was bowed, as though his spinal column were broken. As if during the entire month and a half he had walked around bowing low, turning and twisting, his back trembling in anticipation of blows. This was the back of a man whose will was broken. This was the back of a slave.

"Straighten out!" one wanted to shout. "Throw your shoulders back, comrade! You're among your own."

Crystal clear I saw what the fascists have in store for me: a life with a broken back, a life of submission.

Comrade! Five hours are left before daybreak. In five hours I go into battle. It is not for this little grayish hillock in front of us that I will fight the fascists. No, the fight is for bigger

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stakes. For the decision as to who is to be the master of my fate: Hitler or I.

Until now you and I, each one of us, has been the master of his own destiny. We chose our own type of work, we chose the profession we liked, we married the woman we loved. Free people in a free land, we bravely looked to the future. The entire country was our motherland. In each home were comrades. Every profession was honored, work was a matter of valor and glory. You knew that each new ton of coal you mined brought you honor, fame, and reward. Each bushel of wheat you harvested multiplied your wealth, the wealth of your family.

But then the fascist will come. The fascist will be the master of your fate. He will trample your Today and will steal your Tomorrow. He will rule your life, your home, your family. He will deprive you of your home, and you will be driven with a bent back into the rain and the mud. Yes, he may let you live. He needs beasts of burden. He will make a slave of you—a slave with a broken back. You will harvest the bushel of wheat, but he will take it away and leave you hungry. You will mine the ton of coal, but he will take that away and swear at you: "You Russian swine, you work badly." You will always be for him the Russian Ivan—an animal of some lower order. He will force you to forget the language of your fathers, the language in which you dreamed dreams, the language in which you told your sweetheart of your love. He will force you to speak his language, and will jeer at you as you struggle with a foreign tongue.

He will trample on your dreams and spit on your hopes. You have hoped and dreamed that when your boy grows up he will become a learned man, an engineer, a worthy man. But the fascists will have no use for Russian scientists; they have herded their own into concentration camps. They need but dull beasts of burden, and your son will be driven under the fascist yoke, forfeiting his childhood, his youth, and his future.

You have watched over and cherished your lovely daughter. How many times have you and your wife bent over the little white crib of Marinka and dreamed of her happiness. But the fascists do not want clean, wholesome Russian girls. To a house of prostitution, for the pleasure of their brown-shirted hordes, will your pride and joy—Marinka, lovely child—be thrown. . . .

You are proud of your wife. She is well liked by everyone in our village, your Oksana! We all have envied you. But in slavery women do not have a chance. They age before their time. Your Oksana will fast become an old woman. An old woman with a bowed back.

You honor your parents—your father and mother—for did they not bring you into the world and raise you? Our country helped you to arrange for them a happy, quiet, honored old age. But the fascists will have no use for old Russian people: the old cannot work, and so they must starve, for the fascists will not give your parents any of the bread which you harvest.

It may be that you can bear all of this. It may be that you will not die, but will become dulled, will compromise, will drag out a blind, hungry, joyless existence.

I reject such a life! No, I don't want to live like that. Better death than such an existence! Better a bayonet in my throat than a yoke over my neck! No, better to die a hero's death than to live as a slave!

Comrade! Only three hours are left before daybreak. My fate is in my hands. My fate is at the sharp point of my bayonet. My fate, the fate of my family, of my country, of my people.

COMRADE! Today we shot Anton Chuvyrin, of the Third Company.

The regiment was gathered in a square formation. The skies threatened, and the yellow leaves, quivering, fell into the mud. Our ranks were motionless. Not a person stirred.

He stood in front of us with his hands behind his back, the pathetic coward, the betrayer, deserter Anton Chuvyrin. His eyes would not meet ours but cringed sideways. He feared us, his comrades. After all, it was we whom he had betrayed.

Did he want the fascists to win? Of course not. Just like any other Russian he did not want them to be victorious. But he had the soul of a toad and the heart of a polecat. Undoubtedly, he too thought of life and death, of his own destiny, and decided that: "My fate is my own skin."

It seemed to him that he was being shrewd: "If our people win—fine. My skin will be safe. If the fascists win—well, I'll be a slave, but again, at least, I shall have saved my own skin."

He wanted to run away from the war, to bide his time. As though one can hide from the war. He wanted his comrades to fight and die for him. He wanted to "sit it out."

But you miscalculated, Anton Chuvyrin! No one will fight for you if you remain on the sidelines. Here everyone is fighting for himself and for his country. For his family and for his country. For his destiny and for the destiny of his country. You will not tear us apart, do you hear? You will not tear us apart from our motherland. With all of our blood, our hearts, our bodies, we are bound to it. Its fate is our fate. Its destruction is our destruction. Its victory is our victory.

And when we have won, we will ask everyone: "What did you contribute to our victory?" We will not forget anything! We will not forgive anyone!

There he is in the brush. Anton the damned, a man who

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"Here I go!"

abandoned his motherland in its hour of greatest need. He wanted to save his skin for a dog's life and found a dog's death.

We march by with a firm step. We march by not looking, not feeling sorry. At daybreak we will go into battle. A bayonet charge. We will fight, not sparing our lives. We may die. But no one will be able to say about us that we showed a yellow streak, that our skins were more dear to us than our motherland.

COMRADE! There are two more hours till daybreak.

I look through the night with the eyes of a man who, because of the nearness of the battle and possible death, can see far ahead. Through many nights, days, months, I look ahead, and over mountains of sorrow I see our victory. We will achieve it. Through rivers of blood, suffering, and torture, through the muck and horror of war, we will arrive at victory. To a final and complete victory over the enemy. We have suffered for it, and we will win!

Remember the years before the war. Our generation has always had this sword of war hanging over its head. We lived, worked, caressed our wives, brought up our children, but not for one minute did we forget. There across our borders a wild beast was getting ready, was baring and sharpening its fangs. War was our constant neighbor. The breath of the rattlesnake poisoned our very lives, our labor, our love. We slept uneasily. We waited.

The beast attacked us. He is on our land. The most terrible battle is on. A battle to the death. Compromises are impossible now. There is no choice. To strangle, to destroy, to end once and for all the Hitler beast. And only when the last fascist is thrown into his grave, when the last volley from the howitzers is discharged, only then will the horrible nightmare be dispelled. A stillness, a great unbroken stillness of victory will then come. And we will then hear, comrade, not merely the rustling of the joyous forest leaves. We will then hear the relieved and happy sigh of the whole world, of all mankind.

We will enter the liberated cities and villages, and a triumphant stillness will greet us—a stillness of hearts overflowing with joy. And then—smoke will burst forth from the rebuilt factories and mills, life will begin to surge. . . . A remarkable life, comrade. A truly great and precious life in a free world, of a brotherhood of all people.

For such a life, dying is not too much. It is not death. It is immortality.

IT IS daybreak, comrade . . . timid, gray shadows streak the ground. Never did life appear so beautiful to me as in this hour. Look how the Don steppe blooms forth, how the chalky mounds become silvery under the rays of the sun.

Yes, life is worth while. To see victory achieved. To press into the folds of my greatcoat the curly head of my little daughter.

I love life very much—and that is why I am now going into battle. I am going to fight for life. For a good life, comrade, and not for a slave existence. For the happiness of my children. For the happiness of my motherland. For my happiness. I love life, but will not spare it. I love life, but I am not afraid of death. To live bravely, and to die bravely, is how I understand life.

Dawn. . . .

The machine guns have begun their rattle. The artillery is preparing. And in a moment we, too, go in.

Comrade! Over my native Don steppe the sun is rising. The sun of battle. Under its rays I triumphantly vow to you, comrade: I will not falter. If injured, I will not leave the ranks. If surrounded by enemies, I will not give myself up. There is no fear, no confusion in my heart, no compassion for the enemy. Only a hatred. A fierce hatred. The heart is fired. This is our battle to the death.

Here I go!

BORIS GORBATOV.

Problem of Pilferers

Private Meisner, a silver watch from a corporal;
Private Seibert, pockets of the killed and wounded;
Private Werner, fingers of a killed officer,
Two gold rings. The commander writes it:
He suggests official permission for regular collections,
Finds to be turned over to the company commanders;
They will divide it among the bravest soldiers.
In this way morality and zeal will be encouraged.

It is too bad there is not enough plunder,
Commander Dernburg, to be had from the other side,
But a man must get his pickings somewhere, and I'm sure
The Nazi dead are pleased to be of service
And have the business organized so thoroughly:
Especially the ones who die tomorrow.

LESLIE AULT.

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CAPACITY PLUS

The War Production Board's blueprint to achieve maximum results. Bruce Minton writes of the great drive Donald Nelson has launched Why unionists are elated.

Washington.

BY FAR the most encouraging, and in many ways the most important, program so far enunciated to achieve all-out production was put forward by Donald Nelson in his radio address on Monday, March 2. Mr. Nelson, chief of the War Production Board, launched a "great drive"—and he launched it realistically and impressively. In the two-fold task of cleaning out the last vestiges of Knudsenism and organizing American capacity to fulfill the immense task of beating the Axis powers, Mr. Nelson accepted in large part ideas advanced many months ago by organized labor. He has called for the creation of joint labor-management advisory committees in war plants under the sponsorship of the War Production Board.

Unionists are elated. At last they are getting action: and their faith in Mr. Nelson's ability to make things hum has been justified.

With full approval of Mr. Nelson's program, the unions are examining his proposals to see what this change of outlook on the part of government entails as far as the labor movement is concerned. The first enthusiasm is now bolstered with criticism—not of Mr. Nelson, but criticism and study designed to implement Mr. Nelson's orders. For the WPB plan will mean exactly what it is made to mean. In the final analysis, it is up to the unions to put it across.

Careful rereading of Mr. Nelson's speech brings home the fact that as yet no machinery has been set up or suggested to assure success of the joint committees. One weakness in Mr. Nelson's proposal is that he takes as a premise that labor and management will discuss production problems and hand on suggestions. But suppose management refuses to accept labor's ideas, and rejects them out of hand? What then?

Experience shows that management is apt in certain instances to resent labor's collaboration. As matters now stand, labor will be forced in such an event to appeal directly to the War Production Board. There is more than a likelihood that the WPB will be overwhelmed with hundreds—even thousands—of complaints, and Mr. Nelson's office will be swamped with details that should not be dumped in WPB's lap and which make only for confusion, and worse, delay. When President Roosevelt set quotas for planes, tanks, and ships, he did so in *industry wide* terms. He did not, as it were, set quotas for individual units. So, say the unionists, when Mr. Nelson urges management-labor committees by plants, this conception, excellent in itself, remains incomplete. Joint committees are vital; but they cannot be conceived of merely for this factory or that mill. These committees should be responsible to larger committees by region and by industry. Thus, a joint committee in General Motors' Buick plant in Detroit should have organizational ties with similar committees in the region, which in turn should be related to national committees for the entire automobile industry. In that way, instead of forcing the plant group to appeal directly to the WPB to rectify abuses and misunderstandings, most difficulties could be ironed out by regional and industry bodies. Problems are in essence industry problems, transcending the plant.

Such a conception has two main facets: obtaining full cooperation from management, and augmenting union cooperation by labor's ability to exert pressure on management and on government to win attention and consideration for labor's suggestions. Mr. Nelson's plan differs in this respect from the more comprehensive Murray Plan, or for that matter from the plans offered by the non-ferrous metals, maritime, automobile, steel, and other unions.

Reports are already coming into Washington of certain employers who hitherto refused to discuss production with the unions but are now taking their cue from Nelson's speech and meeting with their workers. This is splendid. Yet labor also sees pitfalls ahead. Where the unions are strong—as in the steel, automobile, and electrical industries—these pitfalls are not so deep or so dangerous. But where the unions are weak, there remains the risk that certain employers will try to distort Mr. Nelson's plan. They will try to organize "joint" committees on a company union level, squeezing out the bona fide unions, and transforming production committees into rubber stamps for management. Industry wide boards could help to eliminate this perversion. Moreover, labor has the need, said several unionists, with whom I discussed the subject, to keep grievance committees strictly separated from production committees. Questions of wages, hours, and working conditions should not be confused with questions of greater and more efficient production. Such a misconception would result only in anarchy. Not that wages and working conditions are not intimately related to production questions. But unions have grievance machinery to take care of such disputes; production committees have a job to do and they must not replace other forms.

It seems to me that too little has been made of that section of Nelson's speech wherein he promises closer cooperation between the armed forces and the factories. He proposes that army engineers visit the plants, that workers visit army centers, that the plants be informed as to how their machinery performs in the field. This interchange is of utmost importance. In the Soviet Union the practice has been to take tank drivers, for example, out of the front line and to send them for a time to the plants where tanks are manufactured; and workers from the plants go to the front where they can observe the machines they have built in action. This procedure has been extremely rewarding, both in improving models and in speeding production. Mr. Nelson's proposal is not dissimilar to Soviet practice. It promises better cooperation and understanding on the part of all who are fighting the war—whether in the front lines or on the production lines.

In only one respect was Mr. Nelson's speech found wanting. Unionists all point out that Mr. Nelson's approach to labor and the relation of labor to production remains somewhat mechanical. This is due, they say, to his failure to surround himself with labor people intimately acquainted with labor's problems. The unions now urge that labor be directly represented on the War Production Board. Mr. Nelson, they say, would benefit and his program would be speeded by closer contact with men who understand labor's position.

(Continued on page 12)

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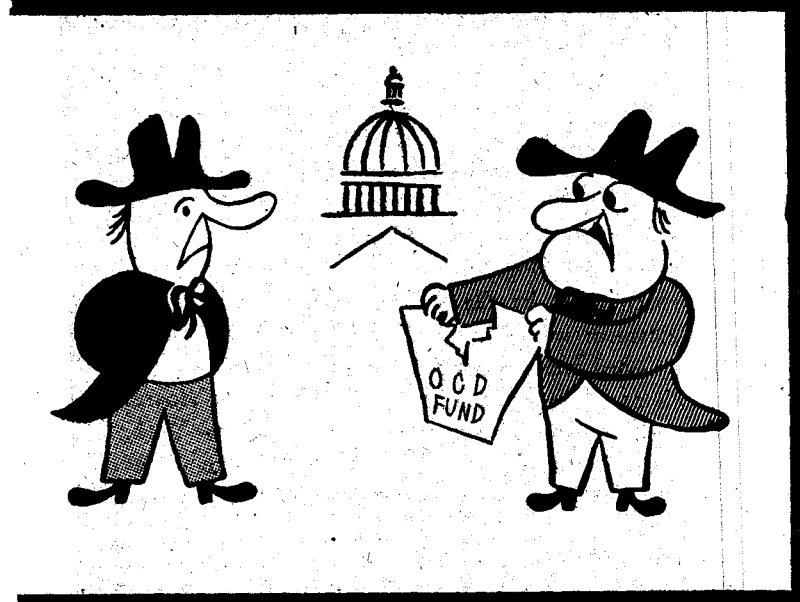
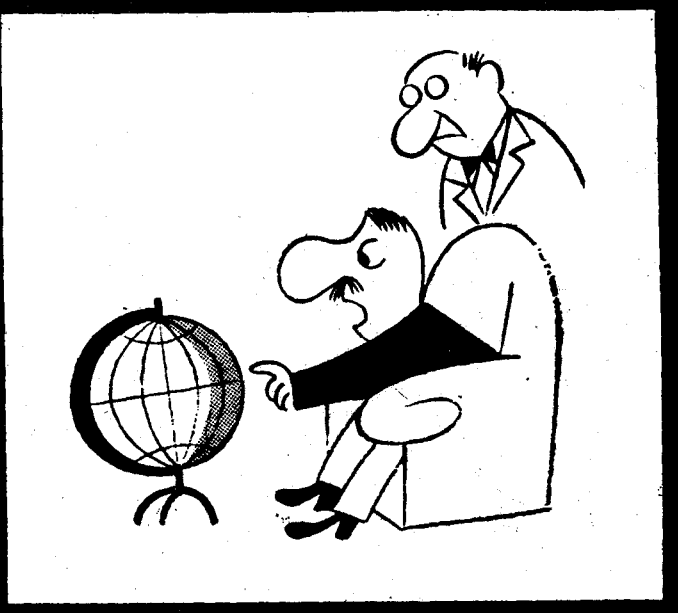
POISON PEDDLERS

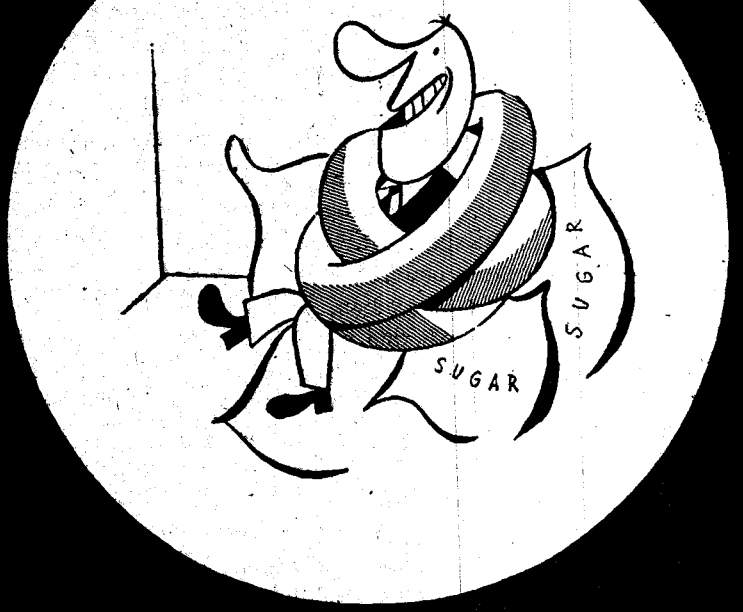
Five drawings by A. JAMISON



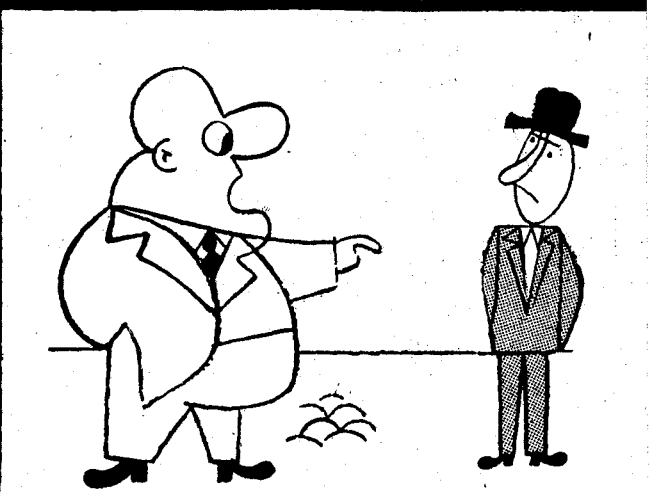
"What did culture ever do for this country?"



"Now if they listened to me, we'd send the whole fleet——"



"They can't scare me with this talk of priorities."



"Trouble with Americans is they've grown too fat."

But don't tell her—she can never keep a rumor."

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Donald Nelson

It is interesting to take a quick look at another order issued by Mr. Nelson during the last week, in this case concerning small business. The WPB ruled out bidding on essential war contracts, and ordered with few exceptions that negotiated contracts be the rule. Little business has applauded. I talked with the attorney for an important group of little businessmen who has been in Washington these many months urging exactly the procedure Mr. Nelson has now adopted. Bidding has delayed production and produced serious bottlenecks. Usually the time element on bids is from five to twelve days. The small bidder with machinery that should be producing war materials has little time to figure his bid, and, even more difficult, he has trouble getting exact specifications. Moreover, the small producer must bid on the basis of transforming his machinery and getting new machinery if and when he is awarded a contract. As a result, the largest corporations, with machinery already installed and with knowledge of specifications because of previous orders, almost inevitably get the business. But this does not increase production, since usually the new contracts are added to backlogs, and new capacity is not brought into production.

My friend, the attorney, put it this way: "Look at how things have worked. The army and navy procurement divisions have almost invariably preferred the largest corporations to the small men—the Truman and Murray committees brought this out. Procurement officers reason that if anything goes wrong with a contract, they can say 'Well, we gave it to the very biggest company in the game, and if that company didn't fulfill specifications, why certainly we can't be blamed. We did our best. We placed the contract with the company which seemed most reliable.' "

He went on: "Our group of small manufacturers feels that Mr. Nelson's ruling in favor of negotiated contracts is a long step in the right direction. The next step must be to set up machinery to draw the little fellows into production so that their added capacity can be utilized. The way things are now when it comes to discussing contracts reminds me of the Marx brothers playing bridge. One of them says, 'I bid three.' His opponent asks, 'Three what?' And the answer is, 'I'll tell you that later.' With the best of intentions, Mr. Nelson cannot solve the problem of little business until he sets up a sort of liaison department to give guidance to small manufacturers, and to work out some way whereby the engineers of the smaller firms can meet with the engineers of the procurement division. The men around Nelson today come from large industry. They do not, and cannot be expected to understand the problems of the small fellows. Mr. Nelson needs the help and advice of experts in the little business field."

This statement seemed logical. It does not differ very much from the approach taken by the unions. Both the unions and the small businessmen want to help. But both feel that things will be accomplished more quickly when authorities in their respective fields are brought into the War Production Board.

Cong. Joseph Clark Baldwin, Republican of New York, took very much this attitude. "Granted," he told me, "that winning the war comes first. But the need to do something for little business right now must be seen not as an attempt to save one individual firm or the other. It must be seen as an attempt to utilize and put into action ever larger capacity. If we forget the small plants, we are actually freezing valuable tools and plant equipment at a time when we need everything we can lay our hands on. That's why I'm so interested in helping little business."

CONGRESSMAN DIES, on a point of personal privilege, made a speech of self-justification in the House, and particularly leveled his attack against Rep. Thomas Eliot of Massachusetts who has been energetically showing up the Dies "investigations" for the sham they are. Eliot has documented his remarks effectively to prove that Dies has used his committee to attack labor, hamper the war effort, and smear the administration. During the last nauseating speech by Dies, the reactionaries in the House shouted themselves hoarse, screaming with delight. Dies struck a new attitude—the defender of the President. As much as any other man, Dies has been libeling the administration consistently and viciously for years: now, in his zeal to assure himself another appropriation, this Cliveden leader has decided on a new—and undoubtedly very passing—pose.

The poll-taxer from Texas has almost no friends—when he eats in the House dining room, he is invariably alone, forced to converse by bellowing halfway across the room. Yet few in the House raised their voices in protest when the appeasers and labor-baiters screamed approval of Dies' demagoguery. Except for Marcantonio, Eliot, and some others, Dies rants on the House floor with far too infrequent interruptions and woefully few challenges.

The real tipoff on the Dies committee was given by Ku Kluxer J. W. Reed, Grand Dragon of Oklahoma. Dies had just completed his "investigation" of Imperial Wizard Colescott—behind closed doors in the utmost secrecy. Thereupon, in the name of the Klan, the Oklahoma Dragon pronounced: "The Dies committee is doing a necessary work in an efficient manner." It is a fairly good rule that what the Klan officially endorses should be rejected forthwith by the rest of America.

It is a question of mail. If congressmen received more mail pointing out their constituents' opposition to Dies, they would become more vocal in opposing him, more eager to vote against the appropriation that will come up one of these days. It is still not too late.

BRUCE MINTON.

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TOKYO LOOKED AT DETROIT

The truth about the Sojourner Truth Negro Housing Project. The editor of the Michigan Chronicle tells how the combined action of white and Negro defeated the Klan's plot.

Detroit.

TODAY in this industrial center of America the voice of Sojourner Truth, great Negro woman Abolitionist, is crying out again for emancipation. Emancipation not for Negroes alone but for all Americans who are enslaved by the myths of racism, which divide the people at a time when without unity the nation is lost.

For the racism that broke out in open violence here on February 28 was not a "riot," with Negroes on one side and whites on the other; it was a clash between a cross-burning mob and good democrats, black and white alike. The yelping crowd that resorted to open force to bar Negro war workers from the Sojourner Truth Housing Project, which was planned, built, and named for Negroes, was made up of native Nazis and Ku Kluxers. Aided by the Negro-baiting police, they carried out a conspiracy to defy the national and city governments.

The violence of February 28, in which twenty-five persons were injured and 215 arrested, took place in an erstwhile peaceful community of Negroes and whites. Back of it is a long story although it covers only seven months in time.

IN JUNE 1941 federal funds were appropriated for 700 units of defense housing in Detroit; 200 were allocated for Negro occupancy, 500 for white. For the Negro project, federal housing experts chose a site in Northeast Detroit which had been zoned for heavy manufacturing. It faced a public school in which forty-six percent of the students were Negroes, and the site was bounded on one side by a railroad track and flanked on two sides by a two-block area sparsely settled by whites. Four blocks away is Conant Gardens, a solid Negro community of middle class homes.

The prospect of a Negro housing development in a virtually undeveloped area aroused white realtors and speculators, who regarded the area as their private, restricted province. When the federal government decided to build the Negro project on this site (the Fenelon-Nevada site), the realty boys went into action. The Seven Mile-Fenelon Improvement Association, which really exists to "protect" neighborhoods from Negroes, Jews, and the foreign-born, suddenly came to life. Its president and secretary, Joseph Buffa and John Dalzell, were equipped by experience to handle the job before them. The two men—representing realty interests which had acquired lots near the project in the state tax sale—organized a delegation to Washington, where they enlisted the active support of Rep. Rudolph Tenerowicz of Michigan. However, they had less luck with federal housing officials, who had studied the character of the neighborhood chosen for the site and were not moved by the delegation's anti-Negro arguments. Since Buffa and Dalzell could not prevail on Washington to choose another site, they decided to force the housing officials to change the project from Negro to white occupancy.

To do this, they launched a campaign of racial hatred among white residents of the neighborhood who had lived at peace with their Negro neighbors for years. Since Polish Catholics predominated in the area, the support of a Catholic priest was enlisted. Father Constantine Dziuk permitted the Buffa crowd to call mass meetings in his parish hall and the audience was told alarming stories about the danger of Negro expansion—the "threat" to the young girls and the certain depreciation of property. Father Dziuk wrote to Charles F. Palmer, then federal housing coordinator, urging him not to disrupt the morals of the community with this Negro project.

Under the skillful direction of Buffa, Tenerowicz, Father Dziuk, and their friends, some whites were whipped into a frenzy on the racial issue. Ku Klux leaders, Black Legionnaires, and other subversive elements became active. The anti-Negro campaign grew like a tropic storm. Vast sums of money were raised and nineteen separate delegations were sent to Washington after the Detroit authorities had declared that they were merely agents of the federal government in the matter.

In Washington Congressman Tenerowicz made a deal with the poll-tax congressmen of the House Committee on Buildings and Grounds—the latter agreed to hold up the Lanham act, which provided new funds for housing, in order to force the federal housing officials to change Sojourner Truth Homes to a project for whites. On Jan. 15, 1942, seven months after the project had been designated for Negro defense workers and after Negro applicants had been accepted, it was announced in Washington that the Sojourner Truth Homes were to be turned over to white residents. Horace White, Negro member of the Detroit Housing Commission, was in Washington, but his protests were ignored. Simultaneously it was announced that Clark Foreman, Deputy Federal Works Administrator, who had held out for Negro occupancy, had been fired.

THE capitulation of Washington housing officials to Tenerowicz' maneuver turned a neighborhood matter into a city-wide campaign. Under the leadership of Horace White and State Sen. Charles C. Diggs, also a Negro, an emergency mass meeting of all Negro and white organizational leaders was called immediately. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Michigan Civil Rights Federation, the AFL, the CIO, the National Negro Congress, the Detroit Youth Assembly, and forty other Negro and white organizations and church groups formed a joint Citizens' Committee which was headed by the Rev. Charles C. Hill, who fought on the side of the CIO in the historic Ford campaign. Lebron Simmons of the National Negro Congress was made secretary and the NAACP provided immediate funds for the committee.

Leaders of the campaign mobilized the general citizenry for mass action and threw a permanent picketline around the Detroit Housing Commission. A delegation appointed from the committee, which included Frank Martel, president of the Wayne County Federation of Labor, and Tracy Doll, head of the CIO council, appeared before Mayor Edward J. Jeffries and demanded that he protest to Washington about Tenerowicz' trickery. The Housing Commission was asked to take a position.

As a result of the overwhelming protests, Mayor Jeffries asked Washington—with the approval of Detroit's Common Council—to reconsider the issue. When his letter was made public, Buffa's gang practically stormed City Hall. Councilman

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Dorais weakened enough to repent his acquiescence in the mayor's action. Forty minutes after a Common Council session in which Dorais spoke up for white occupancy, 300 citizens gathered in an emergency meeting and raised $1,200 to send a delegation of thirty-seven persons to Washington that evening. The Negro and white delegation, including civic, labor, and church leaders, joined in Washington by AFL and CIO national leaders, proceeded to whip the starch out of Baird Snyder, who had replaced Clark Foreman. Forty-eight hours later, eighteen days after the project had been denied to Negroes, Snyder wired the Detroit Housing Commission to proceed with Negro occupancy of the project as originally planned.

In Detroit the local housing commission ordered Negro tenants certified. It was announced that the first families would move into the project on Saturday, February 28. But Congressman Tenerowicz and Joseph Buffa had one last card. They set out to make good their threats that mob violence would be used to bar Negroes from their legal homes. Three Klan meetings were held during the week of February 28, tons of inflammatory literature were published, and calls for recruits to "defend their white brothers" were publicly made. Friday night, the eve of moving day, a cross was burned on the federal government property.

What happened on Saturday is probably common talk in Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo by now. The agents of America's enemies were permitted to override the government and to enforce their own will upon the people. The 200-unit project has become a national symbol for the Negro people and it remains a test for democracy. If a lawless crowd can usurp the rights of a free people and rob them of their constitutional rights, the nation, not the Negro alone, will suffer.

The following letter was sent by the Citizens' Committee to Mayor Jeffries March 4 as the project named for Sojourner Truth hangs once more in the balance:

"Honorable Sir:

"You are the chief executive officer of Detroit. You are responsible for the maintenance of law and order. In the desperate war emergency which confronts our country you, Mr. Mayor, are responsible for the speedy execution of Detroit's heavy duties toward the war effort. . . .

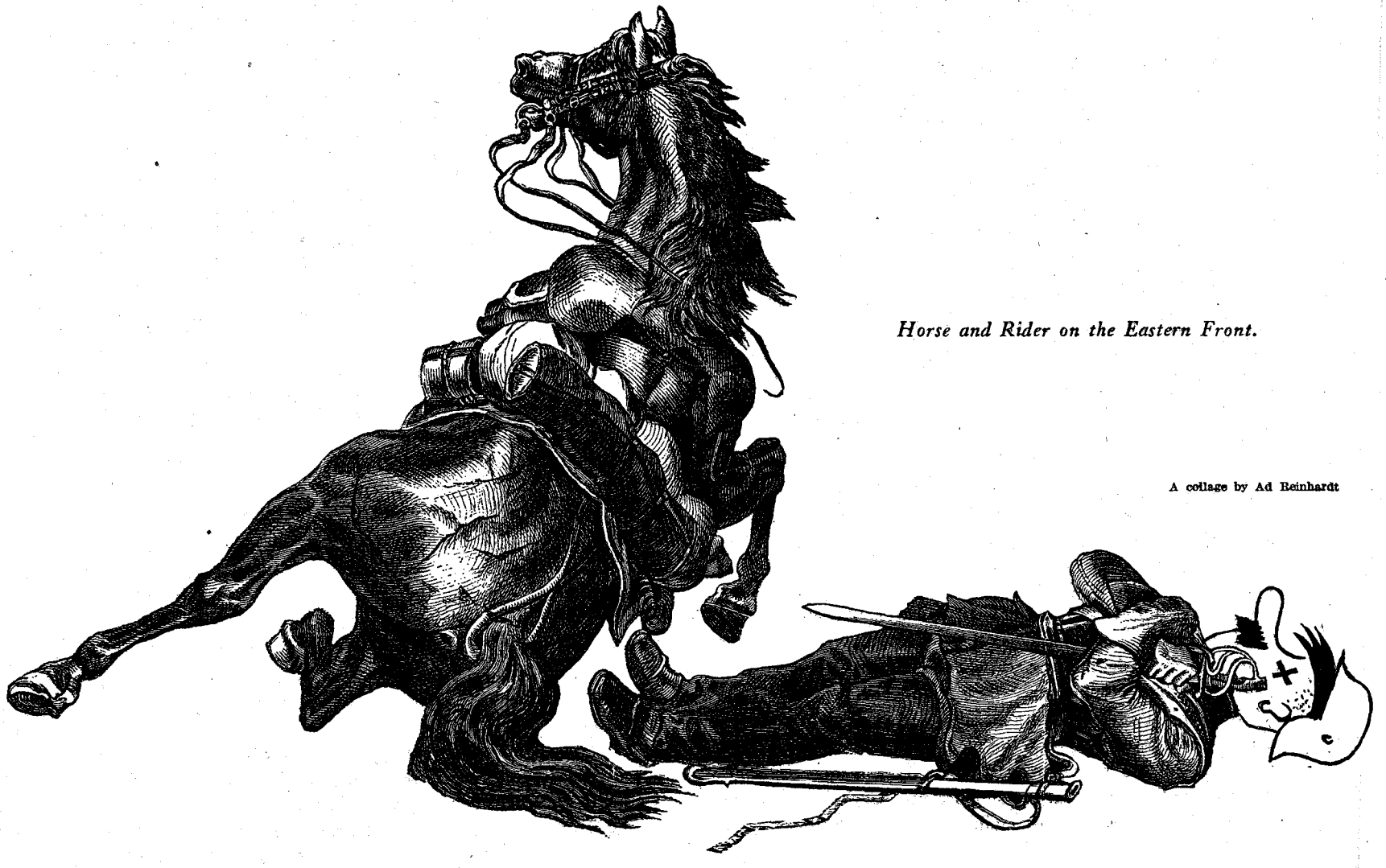
"Sojourner Truth Homes is a war project. Detroit's war workers stand in desperate and ever increasing need of decent housing, but Sojourner Truth Homes stand vacant while war workers and their families remain suffering outcasts from the homes which belong to them.

"Tanks and planes for our boys fighting Hitler are being lost by denying these homes to defense workers. A lawless and violent mob organized by the Ku Klux Klan has done this. The Klan intends, by promoting disunity and strife among races and religions, to defy the program of unity and mutual sacrifice laid down by our President as necessary to the war. The Klan rioters stand self-condemned as saboteurs of our victory effort.

"It is within your power to order the police to give full protection to these Sojourner Truth families. You have the right to call for state and federal troops if the Detroit police are unable to maintain order. It is within your power to order investigations and arrests of the organizers of violence.

"The people of Detroit insist, Mr. Mayor, that it is your duty to take these steps now. All America awaits your answer. . . ." LOUIS EMMANUEL MARTIN.

Editor's Note: Since this article was written the government has ordered that the Sojourner Truth housing project shall remain a Negro defense project.



Horse and Rider on the Eastern Front.

A collage by Ad Reinhardt

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FAREWELL, TOM MOONEY

His span of freedom was tragically brief. But only death could conquer his heroic spirit. A tribute by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn.

THE dark early morning hours of Friday, March 6, saw millions of America's workers rise for another day on the coast-to-coast battle line of production. Miners, steel workers, farmers, workers who build planes, tanks, ships—sitting in their kitchens, eating their breakfasts, children getting ready for school, mothers preparing lunches—turning the radio on to hear news of the far-flung battle lines. An announcement came over the air bringing sorrow into these workers' homes: *"Tom Mooney is dead."* They shook their heads mournfully. They said, as a taxi driver did to me: "Poor fellow! He didn't enjoy his freedom long. They killed him in that prison." Every worker knew this gallant heroic figure—America's most famous political prisoner. They recalled the anti-union frameup against him in 1916, when a bomb was thrown at a Preparedness Day parade in San Francisco. The determination, the boundless courage of this sturdy member of the Molders' Union in his fight for life, won the support of all labor organizations in America, of fair-minded citizens in general, and of the labor movement in Europe and South America. Saved from the gallows by this mighty protest, he struggled for twenty-three years in San Quentin Prison to secure the vindication and liberation of himself and his fellow prisoner, Warren K. Billings.

His release, so long overdue, came on Jan. 7, 1939, when Governor Olsen pardoned him. But the years of strain under rigorous prison conditions had permanently impaired his health. His span of freedom was tragically brief. His great moment of triumph came when he marched down Market Street, San Francisco—over the same ground as that fateful parade of long ago—at the head of the largest, happiest people's demonstrations that the city ever saw. A short trip around the country was terminated by his collapse in Pittsburgh. He returned to St. Luke's Hospital in San Francisco, where he underwent four major operations and spent many days in an oxygen tent. He looked out upon the sunny hills and blue skies and fought for life as he had fought for freedom.

For nineteen months this lion-hearted warrior's last battle was waged in his hospital room. Bedfast and in pain he was cheerful and smiling. "Isn't this a fine color for an Irishman to be, Gurley?" he asked me when he was yellowed with jaundice. He read and listened to his radio to keep abreast of world news. He fought every battle with the Red Army. He made plans to write his memoirs. He hoped to make one more trip. His last official task in the labor movement was to serve as chairman of the Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder. He replied to our wire of invitation last summer with his customary unconquered spirit—he would come out of the oxygen tent because there was *"One more job to do"!* To free his old-time friend and defender, Earl Browder, who had organized the first Mooney-Billings Defense Conference east of the Rockies, in 1916, became the absorbing interest of his last days. He put all his wisdom and experience at our committee's disposal. On the third anniversary of his release, he issued a stirring appeal for Browder. He planned to address our Free Browder Conference by telephone, or to make a record if he was too weak. His voice now stilled forever, honored and revered by labor, this favorable reply from a midwest local union to his appeal was typical: "If Tom Mooney says so—it's so!" He never lost hope, he never despaired, he never gave up. Death found him unconscious, spent and exhausted by the last operation. Death alone could conquer Tom Mooney.

I KNEW Tom Mooney for thirty-four years. How long ago it seems that I tried to sell a ticket to a handsome, red-cheeked, black-haired Irish lad, at a Socialist dance in Chicago. Last summer white-haired Tom Mooney laughed heartily, explaining his embarrassed refusal in 1908. "Gurley, I was flat broke." The next summer I met him in the Coeur

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d'Alene, soliciting subscriptions to the *International Socialist Review*. Bill Haywood was to speak in that Idaho mining camp. He was ill, so we two youngsters spoke from a wagon, to take his place, and were very proud. I did not see Tom again until 1915, when I spoke in San Francisco for the IWW. He told me he had toured the country on the Red Special, "peddling literature" wherever the Socialist candidate spoke. Many so-called prominent people who came aboard ignored him. But Gene Debs had a warm smile and a few words of encouragement for the eager youth.

Tom was not a member of the IWW. He had followed William Z. Foster's policy of remaining within his AFL union and there fighting to organize the organized, for industrial unionism, and for militant action. He came to the IWW hall to renew our acquaintance. He was an active figure among progressive trade unionists, a strike leader, an organizer of the Street Car Men's Union. At thirty-three he was a man marked by the anti-labor forces of California. He knew it and told me so, a year before his arrest. But nothing scared Tom Mooney.

EVENTS moved swiftly in the conspiracy against Tom and his young co-worker, Warren K. Billings. Martin Swanson, a Pinkerton detective, was hired by the West Coast Chamber of Commerce to "get Mooney." On July 22, 1916, during a patriotic parade, ten people were killed by a bomb concealed in a suitcase. The police call went out—"Get Mooney." He gave himself up. I visited the County Jail in San Francisco and saw these young men, under heavy guard, awaiting trial for murder. The shadow of the gallows lay across their cells that day. I am very proud that I spoke at one of the first meetings held for their defense. Mother Mooney sat in the front row. But she did not live to see their freedom. That was not to be for nearly a quarter of a century, though their only crime was their loyalty to the working class.

This infamous frameup against two innocent men was fought everywhere. Highlights were the Russian workers' demonstrations in 1917 before the American Embassy. A wire of inquiry to Washington said: *"Who is Muni?"* President Wilson's intervention following this incident caused the death sentence to be changed to life imprisonment. Tom credited the Russians with saving his life. As the years went by, the case against him collapsed completely. All the witnesses were exposed as perjurers. The trial judge and every member of the jury urged a pardon. Not a shred of a case remained. No prosecutor would attempt retrial. The whole world knew that Mooney's and Billings' imprisonment was a travesty of justice. Yet governor after governor turned a deaf ear to the pleas of millions to rectify this crime against two innocent men.

Year after year Tom kept up the fight. He published a magazine in the twenties, *Tom Mooney's Monthly*, in which he came to the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti. I saw him when I toured for them in 1926. What a change in my dear friend! He was old and grey, his health was failing; the bad food, the confinement, the long wearing vigil had taken its toll of Tom Mooney. Yet he was to remain there another thirteen long years before the prison gates were opened. (Even in death the shoddy commercial press could not resist a last kick at him.) Tom was no "egotist." His wrath and his determination were noble qualities, inherited from his brave mother and his miner father, who led many a strike. Tom came out of prison weakened in body. But his head was high, his spirit soared. They never touched the fighting heart of this great son of labor. He wasn't making a personal fight. He became a symbol of all cruelty, injustice, and persecution inflicted upon workers. He fought for all workers when he fought for himself. He kept up this fight till death.

I saw Tom last in September, when he conferred on the Free Browder campaign. He was weak and visits were limited. Thousands would have visited him if it had been possible. But he was very jolly. I asked him if he liked my new hat which I bought to have my picture taken with him. He said: "Gurley, I'm glad to see you've come out of the horse and buggy days and got something stylish." He joked with the photographer and was very happy that day. As I left, he said, "You ought to catch a beau with that hat, Gurley." So I remember Tom, laughing heartily, his eyes twinkling, a joke on his lips. And I thought of all the years of his young manhood locked away in a prison and now weary days of pain in a hospital. Yet there he was laughing as gaily as a child. It warmed my heart and I felt hope for Tom that day though I knew there was none.

Now Tom Mooney sleeps beside his mother. Workers' loving hands carried him there last Sunday. Flowers covered him. Tears flowed unashamed down the faces of sailors and strong men from shops. They looked long for the last time on the rugged face of Tom Mooney. He will never be forgotten. They said in parting, "We will never live so long that you are dead to us, Tom. You will never be here so long you do not live in us, Tom. Take your well earned rest! We will fight on for you. Hail and farewell, Tom Mooney, great hero of labor!" And far away on the vast battlefields of the Soviet land we heard the echo—"Salute and goodbye, dear Comrade Tom Muni! We will fight for you!" Sleep well, dear Tom.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

LUCY PARSONS

IN A single week the workers of America have lost two of their firmest, most devoted friends. Two days after Tom Mooney's death the news came from Chicago that Lucy Parsons had perished in a fire that destroyed her home. Lucy Parsons was eighty-three years old; more than a half century has passed since her husband, Albert Parsons, was hanged by the legal lynchers of Chicago in revenge for his leadership on behalf of labor. Parsons, with August Spies, Adolph Fischer, and George Engel, was framed—as Tom Mooney was framed—for a bomb explosion. He and his friends were innocent—as Tom Mooney was innocent—but the "Haymarket affair" gave labor-haters an excuse to spread terror and persecution.

On Nov. 11, 1887, the four men were hanged. But out of the Haymarket affair and the aftermath of martyrdom, out of the workers' militant determination, came the eight-hour day and the international workers' celebration, May 1.

Albert Parsons' widow worked for that day, and saw it come. She worked for many other labor gains and saw them finally realized, often after years, decades, of struggle. One of her contributions is a biography of Albert Parsons into which she also wrote a history of the labor movement of America. Her husband's imprisonment and death strengthened her indignation toward injustice everywhere; for many years she worked with the International Labor Defense in attempts to free political prisoners and to aid their families. She lectured and wrote in behalf of the labor movement, explaining the issues behind the infamous frameup of Parsons and the other Haymarket martyrs.

Lucy Parsons was almost blind when she died; worn out, in ill health generally, she had had to curtail her activities. For the past few years she has lived quietly in a little house on a Chicago side street. However, she was far from forgotten by the working people of America. The millions who grieve for Tom Mooney grieve for Lucy Parsons.

THE SEASONS

Two Woodcuts

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A SHORT STORY

CHINESE HERO

The Mikado's tanks rolled down the street and the boy stepped out of the crowd. "He was like a giant."

THE sky was high and clear and placid. Alight with the bright sunshine of late July, clouds hung low over the horizon like fancy, transparent silk lanterns. Neither the roar of the guns nor the tramping feet of the soldiers marching to the front could be heard. War had left the old city of Peiping and life had resumed its peaceful tranquillity. Although it was announced that the Japanese Army would enter the city and parade through the streets in a few days, yet no one seemed to be either stirred or bored. The people ate and breathed and carried on their business as calmly as they had always done, as if nothing had happened; as if they had already forgotten the war. The sun continued to rise and the wind to blow . . . and the day of occupation approached.

It was a sunny day. From early in the morning, crowds idled and wandered along the streets where the Japanese troops were expected to pass. They chatted and joked and laughed gaily and leisurely as though they were waiting for a ceremonial procession on a festival day. The policemen kept driving them back to the pavement as they persisted in stepping forward in the streets, and the whole morning slid away in this childish game.

About half past eleven a low, rumbling sound came unmistakably through the dry, warm air. It seemed to rise from under the ground, heavy and shaking. The crowd stirred; thousands of mouths spoke together all at once.

A motorcycle appeared at the far end of the street.

"Here they come!" some one cried, and suddenly the crowd quieted down.

The motorcycle approached and drove by slowly. On it were mounted not Japanese but two policemen. The crowd again burst into clamor. Another followed at a distance, and then a third, while the rumbling sound grew louder and louder like dull, long-drawn-out thunder rolling nearer. At last from under the horizon emerged a large Japanese national flag, so large that it seemed unreal. At the sight of it the crowd became utterly silent and still as though stupefied. Their faces turned into rows of curious clay masks, without a trace of animation or feeling. The flag was flying above a tank which trundled clumsily along the ground with a leaden, menacing sound as though it were singing a song of victory, or as though it were threatening to crush the earth to pieces. A Japanese sergeant stood on its tower, holding the rough pole of the flag in his hands and looking straight forward. Immediately after it a square block of Japanese soldiers marched along in German goosestep. They were all alike, short and broad-shouldered, with serious yet comic expressions; and they looked straight ahead like the sergeant on the tower as though they were blind and could see nothing before them. They seemed to be built of iron, awesome and irresistible.

After the soldiers came another ugly tank and after the tank another square block of soldiers. Tank and flag and soldiers. Tanks and flags and soldiers flooded the whole length of the street. The city was deadly quiet as if its inhabitants, awed at the presence of the Japanese troops and shrinking into dark

A Chinese Woodcut

"Hand-grenade throwers hiding behind the trees give the answer to smuggling sponsored by the Japanese Army."

corners, had deserted it. Suddenly, into the suffocating silence, burst a clear and high-pitched boy's soprano:

"Down with Japanese imperialism!"

Every one was startled, the crowd and the policemen and even the Japanese. The dead street came to life all at once. Someone sighed as if relieved from the tension caused by the threatening tanks; someone spoke, all the policemen began to run along the crowds, and the Japanese soldiers turned their heads to look aside; when another sharp, thrilling shout cut through all the noise:

"Down with Japanese imperialism!"

And then, a little lad about nine years old broke through the people and came out into the street. He stood there against the Japanese soldiers, firm and steady, holding his left arm aloft and shaking it in the air to summon the crowds to follow him, while, with cheeks flushed and voice choked with passion and anger, he yelled with all his strength:

"Long live the Chinese republic!"

The parade halted and the crowd quieted. A Japanese officer and four soldiers came out of the ranks to the boy. The crowd gazed calmly at them. No one spoke, none whispered, none coughed. But the lad did not tremble. He was not afraid. He was furious, and began to sing the "March of the Volunteers":

Come! You who do not want to be enslaved
Build a new Great Wall with our flesh and blood.
Our fatherland is in danger. . . .

He looked like a giant and his voice seemed very loud, so loud that it was heard by the whole street. As he sang, the Japanese officer stabbed him through the chest with his sabre. The boy groaned. Low and brief, yet so loud that everyone heard it clearly as they had heard his shouting and his song. The crowd was curiously calm. They were not angry, nor sad, nor excited. They just stood there and looked at the boy and the Japanese officer and the soldiers—mute and still.

The Japanese officer threw the dead child in the middle of the street. The parade started again. The tanks rolled over the boy and the soldiers tramped over his crushed body. The soldiers looked straight ahead as though they were blind and could see nothing before them, and the crowd looked at them; and they, both the soldiers and the crowd, were silent.

An hour later the procession was over. But another procession took place. It was a long procession, for it was a religious one. The people carefully lifted the crushed flesh and bones of their hero, and buried them, and built for him a shrine beside the street.

And a god was born.

HUO KUN.

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Editors
BARBARA GILES, A. B. MAGIL, RUTH McKENNEY, JOSEPH NORTH, JOSEPH STAROBIN, JOHN STUART

Washington Editor
BRUCE MINTON

Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL

★

Java and the Future

JAVA'S doom came more swiftly than the newspapers had led us to believe was possible. But after the collapse of Singapore, the loss of Java was already an anti-climax. It is being realized on all sides that the United Nations did not have the materiel, the naval and air power, or the fighting forces to withstand the Japanese.

Above all, and this is perhaps the most important lesson of the three months' campaign, it is being realized on all sides that the Dutch and British empires were pursuing nineteenth century political policies in a twentieth century war. The imperial attitude toward the native populations reflected itself in military and strategic policies also.

India, China, and Australia—these subcontinents now become focal points, not only for further resistance, but for ultimate counter-offensives. In the case of India and China political issues accompany the urgent problem of developing industrial resources and training armies. In the case of Australia, where political changes are already being accelerated, the situation is complicated by the fact that the continent is empty, its 7,000,000 people living mostly in the southeast. North and west Australia are therefore in mortal danger of invasion.

The bleak prospect of setbacks and defeats in the Pacific, combined with one of the projected Nazi offensives toward Asia and Africa this spring, is forcing a revision of all the old attitudes toward the war. On all sides it is admitted that the war can be lost in 1942 unless British and American thinking drops the notion of certain victory in 1943 and 1944. Some of the more thoughtful editorials in the press this March begin to sound like NEW MASSES as of mid-January.

Offensive in which direction? On this the press is still confused. The Japanese admit American naval raids on the Bonin islands less than 1,500 miles south of Tokyo; the Navy department makes public the news of American actions "west of the Marshall and Gilbert area," which is well within Japanese-controlled waters, but whether this implies a Pacific offensive seems to us doubtful; more than likely it is intended only to secure our routes to Australia. From Europe, on the other hand, come reports of British preparations for activity; the arrival of more American troops in Ulster is taken as a harbinger of spring; some dispatches speculate on a Scandinavian front that would ultimately join the Red Army at Murmansk.

An offensive where? is a hard question for laymen to answer. But go forward the offensive must, and in our judgment, primarily from the British Isles into the continent. And it must be this spring, to influence the difficult days that are approaching.

Bombs over France

THE Nazis are working overtime to extract every possible propaganda value from the British bombardment of the industrial suburbs of Paris. Berlin alleges deep sympathy for the French workingmen whose lives were lost; the number, apparently about 350, is magnified into the thousands. The "collaborationists" of the Doriot stripe are exploiting the incident to demand a declaration of war against Britain. The Vichymen have gingerly stepped across the boundary line between occupied and unoccupied France to offer effusive condolences, high masses in the cathedrals, national days of mourning and all the other hypocrisies of this bastard regime. All of which is enough to give the cue for the attitude of the United Nations.

That innocent men and women were killed and injured around the Renault plant is regrettable and even tragic, but the fact is that all of northwestern Europe's vast arsenals are producing the implements of death for the Nazis every day and night, implements with which to enslave Europe itself, Soviet Russia, and the rest of the civilized world. In such a situation France's neutrality is a mere ruse, engineered in Berlin and abetted by Vichy. Therefore, as our acting secretary of State, Sumner Welles, properly declared, the bombardment was a legitimate act of war.

As an isolated gesture the value of such raids is hard to determine. But if they are preparatory to a general offensive against the continent, or are intended to force the Nazis to divert troops and guns from other parts of eastern or western Europe, the Royal Air Force operations must be considered not only necessary, but overdue.

Moving Ahead

DURING the past ten days America's war against the Axis moved ahead along three lines: military, production, and anti-fifth column. Our military effort has been given new drive by the streamlining of the Army machine and the centralization of the naval command in Admiral Ernest J. King. Under the Army reorganization, long overdue, such branches as the infantry, cavalry, and the field artillery will no longer be separate administrative arms; instead, there have been established three commands: the ground forces, the air forces, and the supplies services, with a commanding general for each. In addition, the general staff is to be reduced from about 500 members to ninety-eight.

About half of the members of the new general staff will be air officers, and, according to Secretary of War Stimson, one of the major objectives of the reorganization is "to recognize that this war is largely an air war and to put the Air Corps in proper relation to the function it will fill." This marks a victory over the hard-shell attitude of many high officers whose thinking has been conditioned by the wars of the past. As a first step toward creating a modern army the changes are gratifying. But much still needs to be done in both the Army and Navy, particularly in the way of eliminating ossification at the top by scrapping seniority as the chief criterion for leadership and promoting younger men to posts of responsibility.

On the factory front there has been a heartening response to Donald Nelson's appeal for increased war production and his proposal for joint labor-management production committees. The War Production Board has been flooded with pledges of cooperation from both management and labor. In an outstanding radio speech Pres. Philip Murray of the CIO sounded the call for an all-out offensive on the production front. Pres. William Green of the AFL also lost no time in enlisting his membership behind the WPB program. And the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America (CIO) and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company announced that "production councils," on which management and labor will have equal representation, would be immediately set up in thirty plants. (On page 10 Bruce Minton discusses some problems involved in carrying out Nelson's proposals.)

Our war effort was likewise strengthened by new advances in the fight on the fifth column: the conviction of George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi agent who has worked closely with certain members of Congress, notably Ham Fish, and a verdict of guilty for six Nazi spies. But when Attorney General Francis Biddle told the American Bar Association that the fifth column "has been put out of action," he was speaking prematurely, to say the least. The fact is that the Justice Department is still proceeding on the fanciful theory that the only fifth columnists are those born in Axis countries. This is as obsolete as the military theory of the superiority of the defensive. The experiences of European countries have shown that the most dangerous fifth columnists are the native Quis-

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lings and Petains and Tukachevskys. It is good that Attorney General Biddle has ordered an investigation of the Ku Klux Klan in Detroit. But if this is to be more than surface-scratching, the whole caboodle of Deatherages, Dennises, and Coughlins ought to be deprived of the immunity which they have too long enjoyed.

Pearl Buck and "Union Now"

AN interesting controversy has been going on in the "Letters Column" of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Pearl Buck, the famous novelist, takes issue with the "Union Now" idea and the attitude of one of its spokesmen, Lyman Beecher Stowe, toward the darker-skinned peoples of Asia. Mr. Stowe had suggested that India and China would have to wait until they were "real" democracies, and would have to conform to certain "minimum tests" before being accepted into the federation of the English-speaking world, as projected by the adherents of "Union Now." Miss Buck waxed sarcastic at this effort to exclude about half the human race. The idea that China and India have to wait until they conform to minimum tests, or have to go through a long period of "preparation" arouses a mixture of amusement and bitterness: "I hear a vast, dark laughter from millions upon millions of people," she says. "They are laughing at the ghostly echoes of an old imperialism, dead but not yet buried."

Balm from Mount Gilead

"PRODUCTION NOW" is the name of a movement that the country is likely to hear more about if Mount Gilead, Ohio, is a fair example of a small American town. It seems that a fellow named Fred Sweet, who had edited a small country newspaper and was working in some government office in Washington, got the idea that all this talk about production wouldn't get us anywhere unless it started at the grass roots, down among the plain people. He took a few days' leave from his job; traveled about to the home folks that knew him; got up a meeting at the town opera house, and, almost overnight, thousands of citizens in Mount Gilead and neighboring communities of Morrow County, Ohio, are participating in "Production Now."

The idea is to get every citizen doing something, no matter how small, for the war effort. For example, housewives are donating a share of each week's sugar ration to form a common pool that will help in next winter's preserving; the Boy Scouts are driving the township's trucks to collect scrap; the townsfolk have volunteered to help the farmers bring in the corn next August; the local machinists' union has proposals for speeding production at the hydraulic jack plant in Mount Gilead; in brief, these people are trying to work together to win the war.

When the big newspapers heard about it, reporters were sent down to Ohio. *Life* magazine planned a story; so did *Reader's Digest*. The Ohio defense councils have gotten busy at last, lest "Production Now" steal their thunder. Mr. Sweet has been offered half a dozen jobs in the government, but most important of all hundreds of letters have piled up in his parlor from people all over the country asking how "Production Now" movements can get under way in their communities.

It strikes us that the idea poses some problems: how it shall be integrated with local civilian defense agencies, how to adapt it to larger communities, how to fit it in with various union proposals for labor-management cooperation. But these can be worked out: the important thing is the fact that the "Production Now" movement in Ohio demonstrates that people are ready for organized cooperation in helping to win the war.

To Right an Injustice

WHEN Tom Mooney died last week, America lost not only a symbol of lion-hearted labor, it lost one of the staunchest champions of justice. Close to his heart was the case of Earl Browder, and throughout all his grievous illness he never lost sight of the need to liberate this working class leader.

Mooney, as head of the Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, would have wholeheartedly endorsed the statement by outstanding labor leaders which appeared in advertisements in a score of the nation's largest newspapers. "We believe," that statement said, ". . . the ends of justice will not be served by the continued imprisonment of Mr. Browder. On the contrary, his immediate release would not only be an act of justice, but it would serve to inspire even greater confidence and faith in millions of people to fight all the harder for a nation where equal justice is meted out to all."

Many of America's outstanding labor leaders signed the statement. They spoke the mind of over 2,000,000 organized workers who have by vote, at official meetings, demanded Browder's release. Their opinions tallied with those of another 1,000,000 Americans who have requested President Roosevelt to right this injustice. "They feel it their duty to speak out," the labor leaders said, "against an injustice that helps Hitler."

Next week will mark a full year since the Atlanta prison gates closed on Browder. NEW MASSES welcomes the congress which will meet in New York March 28 to deliberate upon the next steps in the campaign for his freedom. We urge all our readers to do everything within their power to help this campaign (the Citizens Committee sponsoring the Congress needs immediate financial assistance); to right the wrong which this American patriot has suffered. The release of Earl Browder will be an index to the degree of national unity we have achieved in this war to defend democracy: more than that, it will be a stimulus and incentive to millions to work all the harder for victory over a foe which would put an entire world in the equivalent of a penitentiary.

Two Birds with One Stone

IN TEXAS a minority of well-to-do citizens pay $1.75 for the strange privilege of voting for Martin Dies. It's a privilege to vote against him, too, but the great majority of his opposition doesn't have the $1.75. The poll-tax in Texas is only less high than in Tennessee (two dollars), and in six other southern states it is stiff enough to disfranchise masses of people, Negro and white. Aside from its other abuses, it is plainly unconstitutional. On this ground Sen. Claude Pepper of Florida introduced a bill to abolish the tax in all federal elections, and hearings on it are now being held by a special Senate subcommittee.

There is a world of evidence for the measure. It is well known, for example, that the poll-tax invites bribery at the polls. Nor can there be truly free and democratic processes of government when people go unrepresented in Congress. For the poll-tax congressmen literally represent only themselves and their

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friends. Many of them war against the great majority of their constituents—indeed, against the whole country. Dies, Eugene Cox of Georgia, Howard Smith and Harry Byrd of Virginia, Rankin of Mississippi, Gore of Tennessee: the list includes the most persistent labor-haters and Negro baiters in Washington. Yet it is such men who stay in office year after year, through the operation of the poll-tax, who hog places on important congressional committees and rise by seniority to chairmanships that enable them to do their worst.

To abolish the poll-tax is to sweep out these hangers-on. Take Dies, for example. Here is a "representative" who holds office by the votes of 7.7 percent of his district's adult population. Yet he has had the power to menace all America. He has swollen to the point where he dares to ask Congress for still more funds to carry on his anti-American inquisitions on the grounds that he is guarding us against the Axis. His guardianship consists solely of an expensive report on Japanese espionage written from documents long available to the public. Ten pages of the report, as Representative Marcantonio informed the House, were lifted verbatim from the *News Letter* of News Research Service, Inc. And Representative Eliot of Massachusetts exposed other portions of the report as a rewrite of material in the Library of Congress. But don't expect the Texan to blush over plagiarism. After all, he *couldn't* investigate Japanese espionage—he had spent all his committee's huge funds trying to straitjacket democratic Americans. Besides, the Axis is not an enemy where Martin Dies is concerned. The people of America are. And the people will get rid of Dies when they get rid of the poll-tax.

Uncryptic Cripps

WHEN the editors of *Life* asked Sir Stafford Cripps for an article on Russia, he replied that the subject was too vague and general: would they submit some questions they would like answered? They submitted twenty, which are answered in the March 9 issue of *Life*—questions about Stalin, about the Russian people, the Soviet Union's strategy and strength of resistance, its war aims and peace aims. We cannot in this space give even the gist of the answers. Britain's former ambassador to Moscow, now Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, has replied fully though concisely, with impressive clarity, and his observations should be read in full. They serve to dissipate any doubts concerning America's mighty ally. Especially does the author make clear the "healthy realism of the Soviet outlook" which guides the leaders of the USSR in both war and peace. The twenty answers are honest, informative, and definitely important to the people of the nations fighting with Russia.

Taxes for Victory

MILLIONS of Americans are paying their 1941 income taxes this week. And these Americans are also thinking of the income taxes to come. They will be considerably stiffer than those now in effect. But, as Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau said in his statement before the House Ways and Means Committee: "War is never cheap; but . . . it is a million times cheaper to win than to lose."

In the fiscal year that begins July 1 approximately $56,000,000,000 will be spent for war purposes. Present taxes will raise an estimated $18,000,000,000 of this sum. An additional $7,000,000,000 in taxes was requested by President Roosevelt in his January budget message, plus $2,000,000,000 in increased social security levies for which workers will receive their money's worth through an expanded social security program. This would still leave over half the war budget to be raised by borrowing.

In outlining his proposals for something over $7,000,000,000 in new taxes Secretary Morgenthau pointed out: "Our task is more than the raising of a huge amount of new revenue. It is to make the tax program an instrument of victory." And while stating that "The cost of this war will have to be borne by everyone," he emphasized that the burden must be divided in accordance with the principle of ability to pay. It was for this reason that he strongly opposed sales taxes. There is no doubt that on the whole Morgenthau's proposals lay the foundations for a victory tax program in the spirit of a people's war. That is why his recommendations have drawn fire both from appeasers like Senator Taft of Ohio and from business-as-usualists who would like to spare the rich and soak the poor.

Of the $7,000,000,000 about $3,000,000,000 are to come from increases in the individual income taxes, $3,000,000,000 from higher corporation taxes, and the rest from rises in excise taxes and estate and gift levies, and from the tightening up of existing revenue laws.

Individual income tax.—Secretary Morgenthau quite properly rejected reactionary demands for further lowering exemptions. He pointed out that these had been already reduced in the Revenue Acts of 1940 and 1941 to $750 a year for a single person and $1,500 for a married person, while the rise in living costs has made an additional cut in the value of these exemptions. Instead, Morgenthau proposed substantial increases in the surtax rates in all brackets, from the lowest to the highest. This is as it should be, and the American people can be counted on to make all necessary sacrifices. However, the increases in the lower brackets are proportionately too severe. A single person earning $900 a year, or about seventeen dollars a week, will have his tax more than doubled. A married man earning $1,700 a year, less than thirty-three dollars a week, will have to pay nearly two and a half times as much. In his budget message President Roosevelt said: "A fair distribution of the war burden is necessary for national unity." It seems to us that this requires less drastic taxes than those proposed by Secretary Morgenthau in the case of single persons earning less than $2,500 a year and married persons earning below $5,000 a year.

Corporation taxes.—Secretary Morgenthau proposes that the normal corporation income tax rates remain unchanged, but that the surtax be increased to sixteen percent for corporations earning less than $25,000 and thirty-one percent for those earning more. This is adequate provided it is supplemented by an effective excess profits tax. Unfortunately, even though an increase in present rates of 15 percentage points in each bracket is proposed, the method of computing the excess profits tax is so full of loopholes that it is hardly more than a caricature. In 1941 this tax yielded only $327,009,041, compared with an average of one and a half billion dollars a year during 1917-20. Under the present law, corporations, instead of being compelled to calculate excess profits solely on the basis of invested capital, can choose as an alternative base 95 percent of the average earnings for 1936-39. In other words, the corporations that made the largest profits in the pre-war years pay the smallest proportionate excess profits taxes today! It was this feature of the excess profits tax which President Roosevelt criticized in his budget message, and it was this feature which the Treasury Department last year sought unsuccessfully to have removed. In his statement before the Ways and Means Committee, however, the Secretary of the Treasury seems to have given up that fight.

Last September Morgenthau proposed a 100 percent tax on all profits above six percent on invested capital. The National Lawyers Guild has advocated an eighty percent tax on profits above five percent. When it is remembered that even in the boom year of 1929 corporations averaged only five percent, it is evident that these proposals, far from being confiscatory, would merely limit the most exorbitant profiteering.

Most of the other proposals made by Secretary Morgenthau deserve active support. Particularly good are the recommendations for mandatory joint returns by married couples and for eliminating tax exemption for all outstanding and future state and local securities. These are devices by which the wealthy have evaded their just share of taxes. The continuation of such special privileges is an obstacle to victory.

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Readers Forum

Comment on Cliveden

To New Masses: In these critical days when the unity of every person and group is the prime necessity for winning the war, not enough light can be shed on the nests of conspiring fascists and appeasers who quietly and sinisterly seek to bring about disunity and chaos in our war effort. New Masses could have done no greater service than to supplement the President's sharp rebuke of Washington's Cliveden set with Bruce Minton's expose which named names and presented facts.

Saul Mills
Secretary, Greater New York Industrial Union Council

To New Masses: Mr. Minton's disclosures can shock only those who have been living in caves at the bottom of the Grand Canyon for the past five years. England's Cliveden set is now biting its nails in sulky impotence—the result of its exposure to an outraged people. New Masses can do no greater service to its country than to keep hacking away at our own gray-faced fascism.

Edward Chodorov.

New York City.

To New Masses: Clivedenism is a curse imposed on democracy. New Masses and every other paper which spotlights the Clivedeners help hasten the day of victory for democracy over fascism and reaction.

Harvey O'Connor.

Chicago.

"Producing the Play"

To New Masses: I am grateful to John Howard Lawson, as well as to New Masses, for his penetrative review of my book *Producing the Play*. (New Masses, January 27)

The book that he praises so generously would have been materially enriched if I could have embodied the points he has stressed. Mr. Lawson is justified in calling for a treatment of acting by an actor. Unfortunately I was unable to get one that would serve my purpose. I discussed the idea with Mr. Morris Carnovsky, who seemed to me the most suitable contributor, but could not get the needed chapter from him. In passing, I may say that unfortunately actors seem disinclined to put their processes on paper. It is my impression that they believe there are too many intangible or subjective elements in their creation of a role, and they may be right. Lee Strasberg's chapter dealt with *training* the actor, and to this extent seems to me remarkably comprehensive. Certainly it marks a valuable departure from conventional treatments. I am disappointed that Mr. Lawson did not do more justice to it. Perhaps he would have, if he had found a treatment of the creative process, by an actor, joined to the Strasberg chapter.

Mr. Lawson's desire for more historical material in *Producing the Play* I should have been glad to gratify if space had allowed, and if it had not seemed advisable to meet the requirements of courses in production, which are generally separated from courses in the history of the drama and the theater. Production work taxes the student too heavily to allow the inclusion of much historical material. Moreover, most students of production take a separate course in theatrical history. Even so, however, the book includes several brief historical surveys in connection with theatrical styles, dramatic styles, scenic design, lighting, and acting.

Mr. Lawson's most provocative criticism is his call for a philosophy to guide production. This is a fascinating subject, but he would have to tackle that one himself. In a practical sense this means to me the recognition that a production is a collective enterprise, in which all artists collaborate toward a common end. In a deeper sense, a philosophy of production is related to the kind of society one has or desires, to the social classes that dominate theatrical enterprise, to the precise historical moment, etc. For example, the philosophy of production that prevailed in Soviet Russia in its early years differed, in the main, from later developments; even Meyerhold's approach underwent a change from the extreme mechanization of his "Constructivist," "bio-mechanist" period. For this reason, I believe that a philosophy of production would have to be treated either historically and relativistically or idealistically; and in either case, only a separate book could do justice to the subject. I fear only Mr. Lawson could write it. I'd like to see it done.

Perhaps a book having the scope outlined by him will be written some day, though I fear it will never be accomplished without a substantial subsidy. Meanwhile, I am gratified that *Producing the Play* has found so much favor in his eyes.

I wish also Mr. Lawson had included in his praise the chapters by Mordecai Gorelik, Marc Blitzstein, George Beiswanger, and Earl McGill, who treated scenic design, theater music, the dance in the theater, and radio work.

John Gassner.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Unity Demands It

To New Masses: I have read Mr. Martin's article ("The Curse of Racism," New Masses, March 3) with interest.

Some people are saying we are so busy winning the war that we cannot stop to solve the race problem. My own view is that we do have time to solve the so-called race problem as it affects colored people, or any other minority problem which thwarts unity. We cannot win a long hard war today any more than we could win in 1860 without the hearty and unified support of minorities.

Carl Murphy
President, Baltimore "Afro-American"

More on Fatigue

To New Masses: I can't add much to Milton D. Ellis' article on industrial fatigue (March 10 issue) as it touches on just about every point in that subject, but I'd like to say a few more words on what he calls the "subjective" phase of fatigue. I am an industrial worker, a machinist, in a defense industry. After several weeks of technical school training, I entered an industrial plant for the first time in my life. The first day left me exhausted, but not the second or third, or any day thereafter. Yet they were all ten-hour days, of heavy mechanical labor. But that first day I was under the strain of "making good" and it persisted, although the other workers, and my foreman, were helpful and encouraging. By the next day I realized that I could do the job and the anxiety left me, also much of the fatigue. This is important in connection with morale. For I've been told since that the atmosphere of cooperation which I found on the first day, and which helped me to get through without making any boners and prepared me to take the next days much more calmly, was largely a development of the past several months. There was a new spirit in the plant and it came, they told me, with the feeling of working for something besides yourself or the boss—working for the war, for our country. The workers themselves, through their union, had found ways to make production more efficient and the union contract was a very good one. Maybe the point I'm making has more to do with labor relations and morale than industrial fatigue, but I think it's a point for us to remember.

Arnold Cramer.

San Francisco.

Medal for Colonel T.

To New Masses: I find Colonel T.'s regular analysis a tremendous help in understanding the complex military problems of this war. He also deals with military matters in a political fashion that throws light on the whole world situation. His discussion last week of the coming Nazi spring offensive really woke me up. It showed so clearly, and so convincingly, what we in America must do to make certain to turn that fascist spring drive into just another "intuitive" Hitler dream: by producing the planes and tanks and delivering them to the proper places *on time*. Three of us from a small shop, now working on goods used in the war effort, discussed the Colonel's article and it stimulated some ideas to bring into our union meeting last night. (I also got those two other fellows to subscribe to NM, and enclose two $1 bills for them—can you send me the Quiz Book right away?) Keep up the good work you've been doing, and give us as much of the Colonel as you can.

J. A.

Paterson, N. J.

The Meaning of Culture

To New Masses: In regard to the fight by certain congressmen on the cultural activities of the Office of Civilian Defense—I wonder sometimes whether we shouldn't redefine the word culture or perhaps even find another word or phrase with broader connotations. I don't mean that the Dies boys simply need to understand what culture is—no matter how you presented it, it would still be "furbelows" to them, and besides their attack was really on morale. But there's a danger in the fact that lots of people think of the word in a very narrow and often dreary sense of the esoteric and "highbrow"—or as an impractical, luxurious interest. Some way must be found to make plain that "culture" refers to much more than this. Folk songs, jazz, for example, are part of our culture. So is dance. In fact, if I tried to define the word adequately at all I'd take more space than you have. I wish that New Masses would publish an article on this subject sometime by a person who has done a lot of thinking about it—and in the same article a rather detailed analysis of the relation between culture and morale. Arthur Upham Pope's statement on that subject, which you reprinted in the February 24 issue, was excellent, and so were the briefer statements from other well known people—but I would still like a full exposition and I think other readers would too.

Owen McKerall.

Chicago.

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ESCAPE FROM ESCAPISM

Samuel Sillen disagrees emphatically with those who think that our artists and writers should help us "get away from it all." Integrating our culture with the war.

EVERY time this country gets a really stiff assignment, the argument for "escape" books, plays, films, and whatnot starts popping in all directions. That happened during the depression. It is happening now. And the argument is always the same, despite all sorts of ingenious variations. Life in the raw is sufficiently tough—why make it tougher by dramatizing the whole unpleasant truth in stories and pictures? In a world that has more than its share of woe, pleads the escapologist, the writer and artist ought to help us get away from it all, if only for a moment.

The press today is drenched with this kind of thinking. "Thank goodness," exults Kate Cameron, the New York *Daily News* film reviewer, "thank goodness there are enough people in the studios who think of pictures in terms of their ability to take people out of themselves and away from the troubles of a world at war." Miss Cameron hails *Wild Bill Hickok Rides* as a blessed relief from Hollywood's "welter of social significance." To the book world the Macmillan Co. announces that a new novel, *Seven Tempest,* "is written-to-order for the current trend in reading: all-out for Escape Fiction." (Actually, the current top sellers in fiction and non-fiction are *Dragon Seed,* Pearl Buck's novel of war-torn China, and Joseph E. Davies' *Mission to Moscow*—hardly an All-out for Escape trend.) And now *Look* Magazine features an article on "How America Is Escaping War Nerves" which shows a frantic strip contest on the stage of *Sons O' Fun* and a bevy of chorus girls chanting "Milk Milk Milk" in *Let's Face It.*

Of course we need to relax. Some of us may prefer Dumbo to Wild Bill Hickok, or a quiet evening at dominoes to Noel Coward. We all know that unremitting concentration on a single job may dull the edges of our minds, and only a Puritan would ban Silly Milly, Moon Mullins, or even Jack Benny.

But I think we ought to start drawing the line when we are told that it is a patriotic duty to forget it all. *Look* says that escapism is only the psychiatrist's word for what army officials call "morale building." Indeed, our morale problem is virtually solved, since according to *Look's* figures Broadway has two "war" plays, twenty-two "escape" shows. We are within sight of a perfect rating.

Fortunately the administration has rejected this morbid idea that morale is synonymous with oblivion. Its recently sponsored radio and film programs, for example, have reflected a desire to deal with reality. Norman Corwin's Bill of Rights program was an important step in the right direction. The Saturday evening *This Is War!* series is enlisting the talents of serious writers like Stephen Vincent Benet, Clifford Odets, Maxwell Anderson, and Elmer Rice. OEM films like *Bomber, Women in Defense,* and *Tanks* are the beginnings of something really important.

But we ought to have no illusions as to the kind of fight the cultural realists will have. All too many congressmen feel that if Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage* was good enough for the last war, its equivalent is good enough for this one. When Donald Duck starts filing tax returns, there is a panic in the House. The people who knifed the Federal Arts Projects are again on the rampage.

The trouble is that these congressmen, many of them appeasers, are able to get away with murder. And one reason why they are able to do so is that nobody has come out with a clearly defined conception of the relation between culture and morale. The administration itself has not given adequate leadership in this field. Despite certain advances it has provided no broad program to which writers and artists and their audiences could rally. Washington appears to be waiting for initiative from below. The writers, on the other hand, appear to be waiting for leadership from above. The result is that progress has been slow, indecisive, partial.

This hesitancy is regrettable for many reasons, but mainly, I believe, because it fails to give a clear and urgent sense of the importance of the arts in this period. And, failing this, the inevitable tendency toward the escapist attitude is willy-nilly encouraged. Surveying newspapers and magazines, one finds little recognition of the power of the arts to deepen understanding or to fortify the will. Here, more than anywhere else, does the business-as-usual attitude prevail; the attitude, namely, that a novel, a play, a movie is a moment of retreat and shelter from life.

Commercialization of the arts has always tended to foster such a view. "Non-controversial" themes were always at a premium in the film. If narcotic endings sold more magazines, the story writer was asked to write narcotic endings to order, however much his sense of truth or beauty might be outraged. If idealized portraits of the highest bidder must be painted, the artist had the choice of a well paid acquiescence or the fate of Rembrandt. By and large, rebels against fantasy and falsification had tough going. Audience taste, fed a meatless diet, frequently became anemic.

But today a mature approach to art, a realistic approach, is a necessity of survival not only for the creator but for the country. What holds for the production of tanks also holds for the production of cultural goods. Donald Nelson put the question bluntly to industry: "Are you doing everything within your power today to put more weapons into the hands of our fighting men?" The same question must be asked of every cultural worker and every cultural agency: "Are you doing everything within your power today to kindle the imagination, enlarge the understanding, steel the will of the people?" We are learning the lesson that the military front and the production front are vitally related.

WALKIE-TALKIE, *from an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art*

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We must master the truth that the cultural front has an equally serious problem of integration.

Our progress is slow, but is it sure? Bosley Crowther, the *New York Times* film critic, raises this question with regard to Hollywood:

"The fact that motion pictures are a most effective medium for stimulating the public as well as entertaining it has had very practical recognition in other countries engaged in this war. We have been slow getting hep to it over here. In the way of entertainment pictures, Hollywood has been turning out its accustomed share, with an occasional spread-eagle venture to prove that it knows a war is going on. But the production of films to inform the people about our war efforts and to inspire us with confidence has been woefully neglected."

One may legitimately raise the same question with regard to Broadway, the large-circulation magazines, and the radio.

The idea of escapism, of "pure" entertainment, which still so largely prevails, is based on a number of fallacies. The "psychiatric" argument is of course fantastic. It is elementary knowledge that people are not strengthened by running away from problems. On the contrary, an informed and dramatic projection of life, given artistic control and intelligence, integrates human personality. It is fallacious, moreover, to think of the American people as softies who can't take it, weaklings to be coddled, neurotics to be distracted. This is not only fallacious, it is arrogant and slanderous. And, most serious error of all, it is fallacious to assume that the truth about this war must be hidden or charmed away. The truth will make us not only free but strong.

A film like *The Girl from Leningrad,* for example, makes one realize both the responsibilities and resources of art in this period. The Soviet film is the artistic counterpart of the military struggle. It is a weapon in that struggle. One leaves the theater not overburdened with new woes, but refreshed, inspired, confident. In celebrating the deeds of the Red Army, one must not overlook the cultural work which at once reflects and stimulates these deeds. Serge Prokofieff composes the opera "War and Peace" based on Tolstoy's novel. Shostakovich creates a "Leningrad Symphony." Derzhinsky completes the patriotic opera "Blood of the People." To such men the notion of escapism is unthinkable. At a recent conference of Soviet writers, the novelist Ilya Ehrenbourg declared: "Much has been said here about how war has affected the work of this or that writer. To me it seems much more important to establish what influence the writer's work has on the soldiers. Time was when we met here to discuss literary trends and movements. What literary movement predominates today? There is only one movement—to the West!"

To the West! There, in a phrase, is the sense of urgency, of purpose, of realism that the times require. This is the spirit that must infuse us not only at the front and not only in the factory. It must also live in our books, our songs, our films. SAMUEL SILLEN.

LAST LOOK AT JAPAN

THE SETTING SUN OF JAPAN, *by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $3.*

CARL RANDAU and Leane Zugsmith had the rare good fortune to travel through the western Pacific in the seven months or so before Pearl Harbor. They had a sort of "last look" at the islands and shores where almost half the human race lives, a world now changing rapidly, and one that is bound to be profoundly altered by the time Americans again have a chance to travel as these reporters did.

They covered a wide arc, from Japan, through Shanghai, a stop across the China Sea to Manila, then over to Saigon, Indo-China, just as Japanese troops were pouring in; a week or so at Singapore, and the "up-country" plantations of Malaya, then some fast travel across Java, Australia, and New Zealand. Home again via Hawaii, where in late October it seemed "stupid and unthinkable" to American officers that Japan would ever attack.

The latter part of the trip was hurried, and that is where the book wearies. Singapore was clearly a hostage to the nineteenth century; it seemed inconceivable that it would fall in a week's battle, and yet it was obvious that the native population would not fight for the kind of deal they had gotten from their masters.

Java was different, not basically perhaps, but different enough to encourage the feeling that it would fight hard. Arsenals were going at Surabaya and the lovely mountain city of Bandeoeng; you get a glimpse of the rising generation of Indonesians in the figure of Senen, a houseboy in a Dutch home, who was one among the six percent of the population that can read.

One of the best of the lesser parts of the book deals with Indo-China. You never quite realize how the capitulation of Vichy facilitated and accelerated Japan's aggression until you see what it meant in a port like Saigon. And the unconquered spirit of the Free French is expressed in the way one customs official pointed to the short Japanese troops, and remarked with characteristic Gallic incisiveness: *"Les enfants de Petain."*

Shanghai was a nightmare, where 200 dead bodies of starved beggars, often children, were swept up in the International Settlement every day; Nanking, the capital of Wang's thug state, was a desolation, a mockery to the great white-stoned tomb of Sun Yat-sen.

The keenest, and in most ways the best, part of the book deals with Japan. That country is revealed as a nation under terrible strain. It is a land where young girls work from six in the morning until nightfall for eighteen cents a day in the nine months of the season, a shabby, "mousey-gray" country whose paper and wood slums contrast with both the splendor of the wealthy mansions and the lovely landscape.

Mr. Randau and Miss Zugsmith found the secret police everywhere; the one who eyed them most they insisted must have been a member of the Japanese branch of the Jukes family. In the Imperial Hotel Nazi delegations swaggered, their fat wives looking like "unretouched portraits of Queen Victoria." The authors met all sorts of people: the feminist Madame Ishimoto, whose interest in birth control the secret police banned; a man that had been connected with the Little Theater movement which the police smashed because plays have ideas, and "once you have ideas, they are likely to be subversive."

One of the really exciting passages is a conversation with a mechanic who had been a member of the now illegal Proletarian Party. He did not think there were chances of revolt just yet, not "tomorrow morning," but he kept faith.

For all the heavy toll of taxes and disease, the threadbare Japanese ersatz, known as *sufu,* for all the regimentation and emperor worship, you come away from the chapters on Japan convinced that while revolt is difficult, and the empire is strong and will make headway, underneath it all is the deep skepticism of a brave people. When they act, it is likely to be explosive and sudden, like some of the volcanoes that are still smoking in the northern islands of Japan.

This is a book to be read. It is written in a conversational, anecdotal fashion, witty, often penetrating. The authors have managed to combine the ace reporter's passion for fact with the novelist's interest in human character and situation. It is not severely statistical, and does not pretend to broad historical generalization. But it does give one a sense of the issues and forces and people of the Orient on the eve of their great crisis.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Dual Personality

HANGOVER SQUARE, *by Patrick Hamilton. Random House. $2.50.*

"HANGOVER SQUARE" ends with a newspaper headline SLAYS TWO, FOUND GASSED, THINKS OF CAT. And in a way the novel is an expansion of a news story: the first reaction is, well, it's the exploration of a small news item. A man, suffering from schizophrenia kills a woman and man who have brutally mistreated him. So what?

But it isn't as simple as this. The story is told with great skill, with conscious control of effects. It's a kind of inverted "Mario and the Magician." The hero, George, a big lumbering "fool" of a man with a gentle, misunderstood charm, is put up against a group of fascist-minded hangers-on of the English middle class. They torture him consistently and thoroughly, exploiting the hold they have over him—his love for the cast-off actress Netta. Finally, at the moment of his greatest humiliation, he finds that it is he

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who has triumphed—some new friends he has made back him and not the group. At that moment, in an effect of irony, his other personality takes charge and he goes through with the long-planned double murder.

What does it mean? I believe Mr. Hamilton started with an idea for strong narrative suspense—a man has two personalities and one of them is planning a murder. The murder is constantly delayed by the resumption of his normal personality (once rather obviously at the very moment of murder). In the process of developing the idea, Mr. Hamilton gave the victims a brutal fascist cast (actually somewhat mechanical), and to that extent helped justify his story. But at the same time he weakened it, because then the story had to stand the test of being representative —which it isn't, since anti-fascism is not abnormal and unconscious. And George himself afterward sees no way out and commits suicide. The real anti-fascist is no such weak and compelled individual.

Perhaps there is no point in demanding that such a story be representative: it's frankly a freak of life. But in its obscure and distorted way it is human and powerful, and follows the shape of the time.

MILLEN BRAND.

The Cheyenne Struggle

THE LAST FRONTIER, *by Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. $2.50.*

IN *The Last Frontier* Howard Fast has reconstructed another stirring episode in American history from government reports, old newspaper files, and George Bird Grinell's anthropological monographs on the Cheyenne Indians. The result is a strong tale of a besieged minority who bled its way to freedom.

This is a story of American people in 1878: of hard-hitting frontier editors who went to bat for Indian minorities, of Quaker missionaries who followed the "call" to Indian territory, of Indian agents and of the men of the United States army of occupation on Indian reservations. The core of the story, however, is the struggle of two or three hundred Cheyenne men, women, and children who fought against overwhelming odds in order to return home to a land which they had always believed was theirs.

Prior to 1878 these Cheyenne had the freedom of the plains and regarded this freedom as a necessary asset for survival. Following 1878 they were shunted off their land by land-hungry pioneers, by the railroad companies, by the army and by those who had vested interests in the northern plains. They were herded onto Indian territory, now known as Oklahoma, "a hot, sun-baked, dusty stretch of dry earth, dry rivers, yellow grass, and blackjack pine . . ." with no buffalo to hunt and few coulees to camp in. They found themselves on an "island in a continent" encircled by soldiers, many of whom believed that Indians were good only when their corpses covered the ground. There was no decent life to be had on this barren reservation surrounded by army men, and the Indians were determined to escape to their home in the Black Hills.

The story of the 1,000-mile flight of the Cheyenne people across the frozen plains from Oklahoma to Dakota in the face of bloody attacks is told here for the first time. It becomes an illuminating and timely incident in 1941. An entire nation had regarded these Cheyenne as simple-minded savages who were unable to have "ideas of freedom and liberty similar to that of most white men" and their escape from the Indian reservation was put down to "primitive stubbornness and race suicide"! But we see that the "primitive mentality" and perversity of the Cheyenne consisted in the same human love of liberty which animates all peoples combating oppression.

The more subjective aspects of the chase are described with great mastery. Around Captain Murray, head of the first company sent against the band, Fast centers the bitterness and confusion which beset all the soldiers who kill desperately without any will to do so. Leader and soldiers become mentally ill: "The telegraph operator felt his stomach sicken, his mouth go dry and bitter. One of the grocery clerks began to vomit as he struggled with his rearing horse. . . ." The description of the tortures that beset these soldiers parallels a great truth: that those who deprive others of their freedom are themselves degraded. Or, as Reporter Jackson, sent to cover the Cheyenne affair, says when he speaks of it, "It's not the dead Indians, we've had all that before. But those guns at Fort Robinson, they weren't only pointed at the Indians, they were pointed at you and at me."

This is one of the few novels about American Indians in which the whites' acts against Indian minorities have not been romanticized or rationalized. Those people interested in the history of "two straddling cultures," as anthropologists are likely to phrase it, will enjoy this book. It is excellent narrative, sympathetically treated from the native point of view. And for those who are more definitely oriented towards the contemporary fight for freedom, this is a tale of social conflict and ultimate victory for a freedom-loving people.

CONSTANCE HYATT.

The Delta

THE GREAT BIG DOORSTEP, *by E. P. O'Donnell. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.*

THE promise and talent E. P. O'Donnell revealed in *Green Margins,* the first of the Literary Fellowships by Houghton Mifflin, has matured in his latest novel, a comedy of the "poor white" descendants of the Acadians now living in the Mississippi Delta region. It is a strange, hot, swampy, and florid region, little known in American fiction and unfamiliar to the average American. Its natives speak a southern dialect interlarded with cor-

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rupt French idiom and live mainly by dragging oysters and various sea foods from the river and the Gulf margins.

O'Donnell weaves the natural strangeness and beauties of the Delta into a colorful background for his story of the Crochet family. When Mississippi floodwaters deposit a beautiful big white doorstep in front of the Crochet family shack, they have dreams of matching the doorstep with a beautiful big white mansion. In warm, humorous fashion O'Donnell describes their trials and tribulations before their dreams come true, their difficulties with their landlord, their relief investigator, their fellow townsman, their attempts to win a fortune at bank night, and Mama Crochet's love of lilies, which changes the family fortune.

O'Donnell has captured the indigenous qualities of the Delta folk and created a gallery of rich portraits in the Commodore, Mama Crochet, Topal, and Evvie. Especially sensitive is his adolescent study of Evvie, through whose young innocent eyes a good deal of the story's beauty emerges. He describes his characters with sympathy and understanding, exploding their foibles with good-natured laughter. His people have the same homely wit and innocent bearing that characterize Mark Twain's Mississippi characters. He is one of the few modern novelists gifted with a sense of humor and able to represent his people in their own folk idiom. It establishes him in the tradition of the American humorists of another era, the era of Ward, Twain, Harte, and Billings.

ARTHUR MURDOCK.

Brief Review

SEA OF CORTEZ, A Leisurely Journal of Travel and Research, *by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. The Viking Press. $5.*

Having explored, with the insight of genius, many of the waste lands of our social landscape, the author of *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Forgotten Village,* accompanied by a trained scientist friend, embarks on a remarkable voyage through one of the least known and most picturesque regions of the American continent. The Sea of Cortez is the historic name of the Gulf of California, and in their pursuit of adventure the two wanderers accumulated a vast store of impressions, experiences, and oceanographic facts. The first half of the book is Steinbeck's narrative: a unique record of travel, interspersed with reflections on a bewildering variety of topics, from outboard motors to new forms of sea life, not forgetting native life, which is hard, monotonous, yet full of an inner dignity. The second half, preceded by a section of very handsome photographs of sea specimens (why not some of people and places?) is made up entirely of a bibliographic catalogue of references to marine life—an exhaustive affair, invaluable for specialists but terrifying to the layman, who will probably feel that Steinbeck's narrative should have been printed by itself.

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CRITIC'S CREDENTIALS

Alvah Bessie sets down the criteria by which he judges plays. How his approach has worked in relation to recent productions.

EVERY once in awhile it becomes necessary for anyone who presumes to be a critic to set down the standards by which he operates. Particularly is this necessary for a theater critic who writes for NEW MASSES, for he has certain serious obligations to fulfill. For one, he does not speak for himself alone; for another, he must realize that even with the best intentions in the world, he cannot please everybody.

He *can* start off, however, by making broad generalizations. About the broadest of all is the necessity to differentiate between playwrights (also actors and directors) who are —honestly and unabashedly—public entertainers, and those theater workers who are serious artists in their field. Or are attempting to become serious artists. It is not a difficult distinction to make, and the average theater goer can generally make it for himself. He can see, almost at a glance, whether he is dealing with a writer (actor, etc.) who really believes in what he is doing and is trying to make the best contribution he knows how to his audience's understanding of life; or with a writer (actor, etc.) who has set himself up in the business of entertainment and is interested only in being an entertainer—and possibly making good money out of it.

Right here it is necessary to make it plain that no serious critic can presume to be contemptuous of entertainment *per se.* People desire entertainment; people need entertainment; people deserve entertainment. And it is just as reprehensible to sneer at entertainment because it is no more than entertainment as it is stupid to evaluate a piece of work by saying, "Life is sad enough as it is; why should I read, see, listen to tragedy on the stage, in the movies, in books?"

For great art, or even art that does not attain greatness, can be and usually is something more than entertainment. It may, and should *include* pure entertainment (witness *Hamlet, War and Peace,* or almost any great work of art you can think of). But if it goes no further than to amuse, to divert, to distract the mind and the emotions, it automatically limits itself in scope, power, and importance.

If you accept these generalizations, you are ready to give the public entertainer his due as a social force of no small consequence. You are ready to differentiate between the entertainer and the serious artist (however entertaining he may also be), and you are ready to identify those intermediate phenomena—the creative entertainer and the meretricious artist.

So that in attempting to evaluate a given piece of theatrical work, you do not expect from the "pure" entertainer what only the real artist at his best can give; and you are naturally more prone to hold the artist to account when he fails in his primary intentions. The same fundamental distinction in objective between the artist and the entertainer should dictate both the seriousness of the consideration given each and—all things being equal—the amount of space dedicated to consideration of their respective efforts.

WHAT do we expect from an artist, once we have identified him as such? For one thing, we expect integrity. And the expectation of integrity does not preclude the knowledge that complete integrity is difficult to attain. You cannot be an honest artist simply by intention; it demands hard work, constant study, and a determination to get at the roots of your material, no matter what personal idiosyncrasies or social forces may stand in your way. These obstacles are paramount at all times—for the artist must struggle continuously with his original endowment, his environmental, social, and class influences, as well as with the prejudices and demands of his time and his market.

It would be over-optimistic, for example, to expect that an artist who stems from the middle class could easily get at the truth of the working class. We cannot insist that such an artist (who has presumably had little experience with the working class) write dramas of proletarian life. He might have the best intentions in the world, but he would find it difficult to reflect his sympathy and the truth of that class of people. (The reasons are obvious.) We can reasonably demand, however, that he write with complete honesty about the people he knows best—his own class.

Purposely left out of consideration here are all the problems of technique—the instruments whereby the artist brings his understanding to life in his medium. It has frequently been said that the content of a given work dictates its form, and no doubt this is sometimes true. But we know of many artists in many media who had mastered their material but had to struggle long and hard to find the form most apt for its expression. So the problem of technique is something else again—but experience in watching plays on the stage, in reading acknowledged art works in the theater, study of the means playwrights have used to achieve their effects—all these factors will teach any member of a theater audience whether he is watching a real artist at work, a poor artist, a mere technician, a public entertainer, or a charlatan. For it is just as true of the theater audience as it is of the reading public, that once it has been exposed to superior work and understands and appreciates it, it will be dissatisfied with the inferior and will demand more of the writer, the playwright, the actor, the artist in any medium.

More specifically, the left critic looks at a given piece of work differently from other critics. For one thing, he is not so easily satisfied with a given theater piece. He approaches the theater as he approaches any other art form or life itself—with a frame of reference that demands a rational, scientific understanding of the phenomena under consideration.

He knows that the forms life assumes, the conflicts it embodies, and human character itself are not so much accidental as they are the products of interrelated and complicated (but understandable and predictable) factors. And he watches for the signs and symptoms of such approximate understanding of human motivation as may be present in a given piece of work. And he evaluates that piece of work by his own understanding of the motivations and factors (psychological, social, economic, etc.) that should reasonably be present.

Therefore he is impatient with "explanations" of people (in the form of dramatic action) that do not truly "explain"—that attribute the springs of character and action to factors that are accidental, quixotic, superficial, or mystical. And in order to evaluate honest work (or even dishonest, sloppy or superficial work), the critic himself must strive at all times to be honest. He must make every effort to expand and improve his own understanding of people, of his society and those forms of society that have gone before, of the history and development of the art he is attempting to judge. He cannot afford to be flip, to reduce criticism to the level of personalities, to bolster his ego at the expense of the work he is examining.

The necessity to be constructive is therefore one of the primary obligations of any critic or audience member who aspires to be progressive. It is not an easy obligation to fulfill, for the tendency is always present to be impatient, to be "clever," to be superficial. And the most casual examination of our daily criticism will reveal the fact that its practitioners feel little serious obligation to the playwright, the audience, the performers, the directors, the designer. That is why these workers live in daily terror of the critic, who can literally make or break a play on its opening night.

TO APPLY these broad generalizations to specific theater works can be valuable—always remembering that it is both impossible and undesirable to establish cut-and-dried formulae that will fit every case. In the field of the arts, in particular, there is a great deal of

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overlapping. We have genuine artists who reveal elements of meretriciousness and conscious charlatanism. We possess "pure" entertainers who quite frequently give evidence of being genuine artists. And the exigencies of the time, its markets, and its prejudices present enormous obstacles to the most integrated artists and occasionally force them into curious patterns.

To consider only two recent productions that are provocative of discussion: Clifford Odets' *Clash by Night* and H. S. Kraft's *Cafe Crown*. My reviews in NEW MASSES of these plays have stimulated a number of letters from readers who are either in violent disagreement with my criticism, or engage in fulsome praise of both. There is, apparently, no middle ground.

In the case of Odets' play the disagreement is most violent. There are readers who feel that my criticism of the play was "exactly the right way" to handle the problem *Clash by Night* presented. There are also readers who were thoroughly disgusted with the Odets review, and feel that what was desired was a thorough "proletarian spanking" of the playwright for again failing to achieve the sort of work of which they feel Odets is capable.

It is noteworthy that of those who praised the review, most had seen the play themselves. And of those who were disappointed in my failure to "take Odets' pants down," most live outside of New York and could not possibly have seen the play. No profound conclusions should be drawn from these facts—but they are indicative of the temper of their respective writers, indicative too of the fact that there are at least two ways of looking at any given work among people who are, theoretically, in agreement about means and ends.

Certainly it would be easy to vent one's disappointment in the fact that *Clash by Night* was not a *Lefty* or even on the same plane with *Awake and Sing!,* and such disappointment *was* expressed in the review. But no good purpose could have been served by "going to town" on Odets, reading him out of the progressive movement, or announcing that he was "finished." Those who desire such a formulation mistake criticism for its opposite—vituperation. They also look beyond the facts to their own wishful analysis—for Odets is far from "finished" (judging purely by his works), although he is certainly not developing at the rate one might desire for him.

The extent of the Odets review, then, was dictated by the verifiable conviction that the playwright has been and, in most important respects, still is a serious artist and, as such, deserving of the critic's best efforts at understanding and evaluation—whether or not he respects the critic or pays any attention to him whatsoever. For the author is not the only person who can learn (even through disagreement) from an evaluation that was at least honest, understanding, and sincere, whatever its shortcomings.

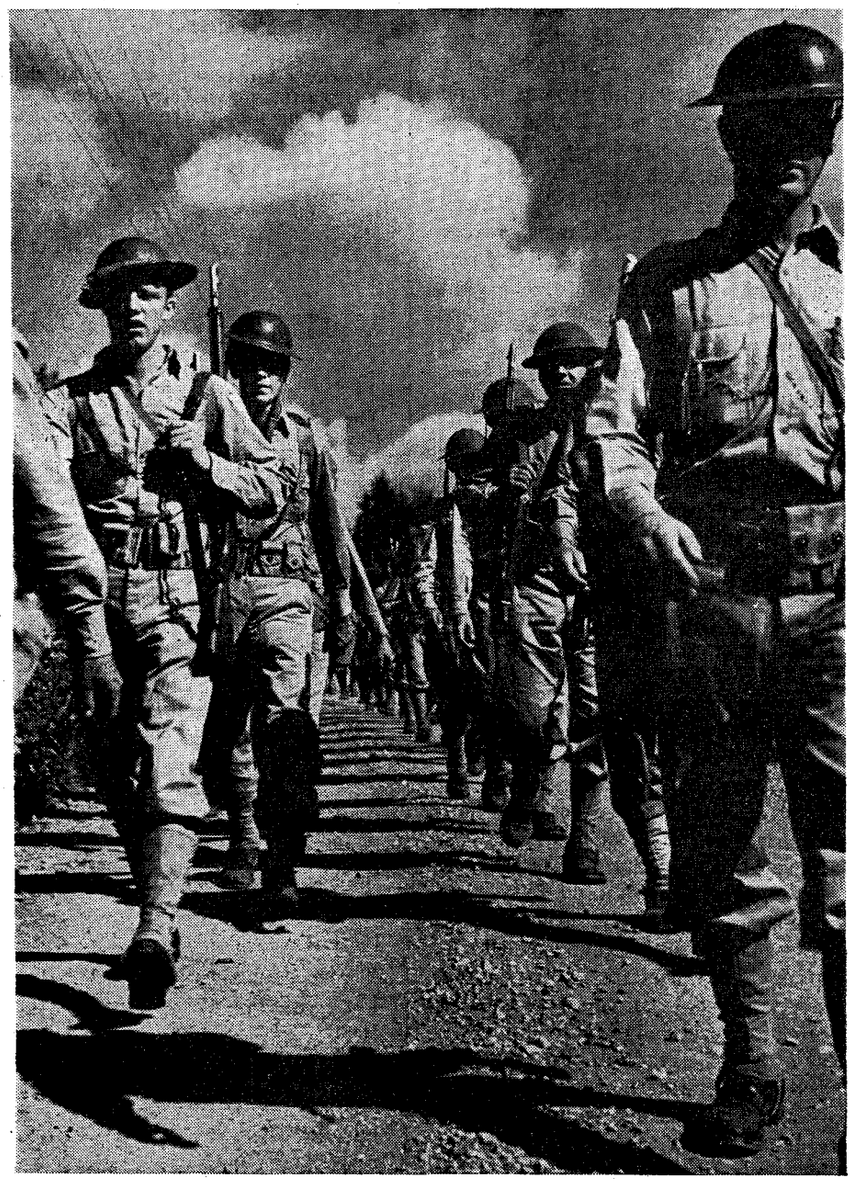
Therefore it seems that a good rule of thumb for progressive critics might be: better overstatement and lengthy exegesis of the failures of a man of talent and accomplishment, than hasty dismissal because of such failure. And, by extension, the poorest honest effort is worthy of more sober consideration than the most "successful" or ingenious bit of fluff.

In the matter of *Cafe Crown,* we are dealing with a different type of work, which started with different objectives and reached different conclusions. People may argue about the intentions of the playwright, but there is no evidence in the piece, as performed, that Mr. Kraft set himself the task of writing *seriously* about the Yiddish theater. What emerged, at any rate, was a light, superficial comedy that has many humorous moments, based mostly upon gags and dialect.

It may be that my review took the play too seriously, but it would be difficult to support such a contention. For surely it is a reasonable assumption that the playwright who presumes to handle serious material (such as, let us say, national minorities, the struggle against fascism, or the labor movement) has the obligation to handle that material *with respect.*

It is not intended here to imply that no one should write a comedy about labor unions, the Negro or Jewish people, or the fight against Hitler. It could be done. But the comedy would have to proceed from an understanding (that would be *explicit*) that there is nothing *essentially* "funny" about Jews, Negroes, labor organizers, or anti-fascism. This is what is meant by the difference between exploiting material (which inevitably ends in vulgarity) and understanding it.

In the case of *Cafe Crown* it is possible that the critic for the Yiddish language paper *Freiheit* went too far. Mr. Buchwald, for example, found the comedy completely offensive, and wrote, "*Cafe Crown* is a thoroughly false play. Its falsity derives not so much from the fact that the invented cafe does not begin to resemble Cafe Royale, as from the fact that instead of Jewish comedy it regales its audience with a collection of *comic Jews.*" But certainly he has a case in point when he accuses the well intentioned playwright of unconsciously giving ammunition to the enemies of the Jewish people. (Example: the waiter Hymie, who refuses to seat a patron at a



MARCHING TROOPS, *a photograph by John H. Nachmann. From the US Army Illustrators of Fort Custer show at the Museum of Modern Art.*

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table, insisting they are all reserved. "Isn't there a *single* table in the place?" says the patron, flashing a bill. "What's wrong with this one?" says Hymie, pulling back a chair and pocketing the money.)

TO RECAPITULATE what must necessarily be a sketchy statement of a complicated problem:

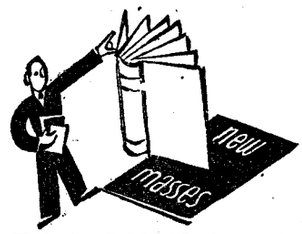
The progressive critic starts by differentiating between "pure" entertainment and works which seriously attempt to reflect and understand human institutions and history in terms of human character. Nowhere in this article is it implied that entertainment cannot *also* be art, and art of a very high order; but for purposes of discussion it *is* possible to draw a distinction between works of the two categories above mentioned. For example: a funny play like *Arsenic and Old Lace* (or a good musical comedy) makes no pretension of reflecting the real world. Moving slightly forward, we find a horror play like *Ladies in Retirement,* which both entertains (as a "thriller") and reflects some real understanding of real people. Moving still further, a poor but honest play like Arnold Sundgaard's recent *The First Crocus,* while still a comedy (something to laugh at), also represents a greater effort by a writer with definite artistic talent to reflect people and institutions he knows intimately and feels deeply about.

The critic therefore attempts to create a set of values by which it will be possible to check the intentions of the given theater worker against his achievement and the achievement itself against other achievements of like kind (and against reality). For it should be obvious that sincerity alone will not turn an indifferent artist into a profound one.

The critic looks for a rational and even scientific understanding of human character, expressed in terms of the art form (play script, acting performance, scenic design, direction). He knows that such an understanding *can* be and at times has been reached by writers and others who make no pretensions of being left wing artists. Therefore he does not apply a doctrine (externally and mechanically) upon any given piece of work, but attempts to evaluate it strictly in the terms of its own being.

Within the limitations of his own understanding (which he must at all times attempt to deepen and expand) the critic consciously tries to assist the writer, the actor, or any other theater worker in understanding wherein he has succeeded in his honest efforts, wherein he has failed, what he must do to achieve broader comprehension, deeper evocations of the human equation. By talking out loud to the theater worker, the critic also talks out loud to the audience, in an effort to assist in the growth of critical judgment and the development of critical standards. For not only is the theater worker utterly dependent on his audience's understanding and approval for his very bread and butter, but any developing culture demands that its artists develop in like tempo, and that its audiences develop as well.

ALVAH BESSIE.



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Tanya's Glass Slipper

A new kind of Cinderella. . . . "The Invaders."

A MAN named Shakespeare used to shock the classicists by audaciously jumbling broad farce and high tragedy, exquisite lyrics and tough, slangy prose, all in the same play. The results were not at all bad. *Tanya,* the new Soviet film at the Stanley, proves that movie conventions can be broken with similar courage; that a film may be, simultaneously, a bubbly musical comedy and a serious social drama. The results here are very good, too.

Tanya has a pet kitten, a smudge on her nose, a sense of humor, and an unconquerable thirst for achievement. A Soviet Cinderella, she starts in the kitchen, as the cheerful slavey of two ugly sisters. She can't read, but she learns. Her first sight of a factory frightens her; but she practises running a loom at home, until she is entrusted with one. At first her weaving snarls inextricably; but soon enough she is running six looms, and then, over the opposition of a conservative manager, sixteen. As Stakhanovism sweeps the country, Tanya demands more and more looms, until they have to enlarge the factory for her. Eventually, surrounded by admiring comrades, she tends 150, receives the Order of Lenin, and marries Prince Charming.

The underlying theme of *Tanya,* as the heroine herself sings in an enchanting musical interlude, is that life has become as wonderful as a fairytale. Tanya's story is the true history of thousands of Soviet women; at the same time it is as miraculous as that affair of the glass slipper and the pumpkin coach. Accordingly, the technique of *Tanya* is a brilliant blend of fantasy and realism, ranging from the musical dialogue of Tanya and her bygone selves, through the shimmering Christmas Eve love scenes, to the sun-flooded, triumphant sequence in which the overalled Tanya operates her 150 looms. Tanya herself is played by Lubov Orlova, who is as golden and beautiful as a field of wheat. Her intense femininity, however, is only part of her; lovely as she seems as a Snow Princess, she is far more splendid when she wipes the sweat from her face after that heroic day at the looms, triumphant not as a woman but as a human being.

Lavish as any Hollywood spectacle, the film abounds in fireworks and special effects. It is at length possible to say that the Soviet studios have mastered cutting and transition; a white shower of loom-sweepings like snowflakes fades into a cloudy sky seen through the streaming water of Tanya's showerbath; the girl's clumsy home-practice with her shuttle leads neatly to her work at the loom. Landscape and figure shots are breath-takingly beautiful, and many sequences make superb use of a subtly accelerating tempo, underlined by Dunayevsky's admirable music. Alexandrov, who directed and produced the film, has an extraordinary sense of timing, for it cannot have been easy to combine the dissimilar elements of *Tanya* into the swift unity of the completed picture. Yet Tanya is always consistent, whether she is lilting Dunayevsky's haunting songs or practicing weaving by tying knots in her friends' shoe-laces.

The fantastic special effects of the photography have not changed the simple naturalness of Soviet acting. Orlova herself shines through every scene of the film; her supporting players are salty and colorful, notably Konovalov as the factory foreman, Zuyova as a lovable old duck of a weaver, and Vera Zhitkova in a hilarious bit of satire as Tanya's first employer, a man-crazy hangover from Chekhov's cherry orchard. Prince Charming, otherwise the sober and competent young engineer Lebedev, is played effectively by Samoilov, an incredibly handsome lad who escapes being a glamour boy only because he is so obviously a man. The two leads, indeed, are such healthy and beautiful people that the film's most moving moment is its final shot, which merely shows them at the All-Soviet Agricultural Fair in Moscow. They stand quietly together below the heroic statue of the Soviet man and woman, equal and unconquerable.

"INVADERS," like *Tanya,* tries to combine two forms, with considerable if not perfect success. It is at once a rattling good adventure story and a film of ideas. And the ideas are tremendously significant, for *Invaders* states democracy's case against Hitler. At times, true enough, the case is somewhat distorted. The film starts out to prove that the democratic way of life is freer, richer, and nobler than the fascist, but sometimes descends to earnest proof that one democratic fist is harder than one Nazi jaw. The illusion that we can win this war with our unarmed fists is not doing us any service.

Nevertheless, *Invaders* is brilliant in its choice of democracy's representatives. Its central figures are a group of Nazis who escape the sinking of their submarine in Hudson Bay. They set out to fight their way through the United States, then neutral, and their effort becomes a test of the Hitler "superman"; six Nazis, they boast, against eleven million Canadians. The Nazis are not underrated; they are desperate and resourceful men. Remorselessly brutal with the weak, and viciously spiteful against the intelligent, they embody the characteristics which fascist training prides itself upon producing. But they are destroyed inevitably by the democratic Canadian civilians whom they despise; by a French-Canadian trapper, a courageous Eskimo, a gentle and artistic ethnologist, a devil-may-care farmer.

The finest section of *Invaders* deals with the Nazis' encounter with a community of Hutterites, German refugees from the various oppressions of the last hundred years. These people are sober, industrious, and liberty-loving; and the most human of the Nazis is first astonished, then converted, by their fuehrerless way of life. No better symbol of

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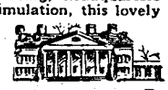
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democracy could have been chosen than these representatives of the true Germany; no more damning indictment of the Nazis could have been made than in the portrait of the convert, a baker who only wants to bake and live at peace with his neighbors, and in his execution for treason by the other Nazis. And no more inspiring moment has ever reached the screen than that in which the Hutterite leader—played by an Austrian refugee, Anton Walbrook—answers the Nazi lieutenant's raucous appeal to "blood ties." Incomparably the finest acting in a picture distinguished for its acting, Walbrook's reading of his speech for democracy is another reminder that the German people will outlive Hitler and Hitlerism.

There is almost equally skillful work by the film's three stars who, in wholesome defiance of the star-system, have taken short character roles. Laurence Olivier is engaging, though perhaps a little labored, as the French-Canadian trapper. Leslie Howard does still better with the ethnologist, a genuinely civilized man whose instinct is to talk things out rather than fight them out, but who can fight when he has to—as when the Nazis destroy his paintings and burn his books. His role, however, contains the film's weakest moment, in which the slender and fragile Mr. Howard, with, supposedly, a bullet in his thigh, walks recklessly through a hail of bullets to slug a Nazi into unconsciousness. Violating alike the laws of probability and of good sense, this episode may please the Lone Ranger fans but is a serious flaw in an otherwise mature picture.

Raymond Massey is better yet as the farmer, with, as it were, the ghost of Abe Lincoln peering over his shoulder; when his hands reach for a Nazi you believe in them. The film's characters, while sharply individualized, are all symbols of something bigger than themselves, and Raymond Massey is an admirable symbol of the right to free speech. His vigorous American talk reduces the Nazi lieutenant from a death-defying hero to a shrill neurotic. A Welsh child named Glynis Johns also deserves praise for her brief performance as a refugee girl, the only woman in the film.

The action of *Invaders* has a background of breathtaking Canadian mountains and glaciers; Michael Powell, the director of *Man of Aran* and *Edge of the World,* makes the most of his opportunities. He should, however, have suppressed the film's musical score, which is a calamity. A natural desire to make *Invaders* a super-special led someone to equip it with the entire London Symphony Orchestra, playing fortissimo and forever. As a result, the music sometimes drowns out the picture. *Invaders,* however, is usually good enough to drown out the music.

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Si Gerson, Legislative Director of the State Committee of the Communist Party. Sun., March 15th, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12 St.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

March

13—New Masses, Interpretation Please No. 6, Webster Hall, 119 East 11th St., 8:15 P.M.

13—League of American Writers, Friday Night Readings. Alfred Kantorowicz, Book dealing with diaries of Internat'l Brigade and Underground Movement in Nazi Territories, Wolff, Bessie, Slochower, commentators, 237 East 61st, 8:30 P.M.

13—West Side I.W.O. Forum, Joseph Starobin, Events in Review, 220 West 80th St., 9 P.M.

14—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group, "The Teacher in Defense," Fred. L. Redefer, Chairmen, Chas. J. Hendley, Henry Davidoff, Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave., & 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

14—Gramercy Forum, Clambake and Dance, Films, Chaplin, Mexico in color, Guitarist, 31 E. 21st St., N. Y. C.

14-28—School for Democracy, Individual Lectures, 7 & 8:40 P.M., Guest Lecturers, 13 Astor Pl., N. Y. C.

15, 22—Theatre Dance Company, New Series of Dance Recitals, direction of Benjamin Zemach, 430 6th Ave.

20—I. W. O. Lodge 572, Gala concert and dance, benefit Allied medical aid, Caravan Hall, 59th St. and Park Ave.

21—N. Y. Comm. to aid Southern Negro Youth Congress, Victory Benefit Ball, Earl Hines and orchestra. Royal Windsor Ballroom.

21—American Advertising Guild, "Allied Hop," program of folk dances, Malin Studios, 135 W. 44 St.

28—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

28-31—Martin Blaine Company, Musical Revue, "It's About Time," Tamiris, Laura Duncan, Arthur Elmer and others, Barbizon Plaza.

29—Annual I. W. O. Pag ant and Dance, Paul Robeson, Guest Artist, Manhattan Center, 7:30 P.M.

April

5—NEW MASSES Art Auction, afternoon and evening—ACA Gallery.

8—Committee on African Affairs, Paul Robeson, Dr. Max Yergan, others, Manhattan Center.

12—NEW MASSES Lincoln Steffens tribute memorial meeting, prominent artists, and speakers, Manhattan Center, 2 P.M.

18—School for Democracy, Concert, "Music for a Free World," Town Hall, 6th Ave. & 43rd St.

25—Peter V. Cacchione Association of Bklyn., *1st annual ball*, program. Hotel St. George, Brooklyn.

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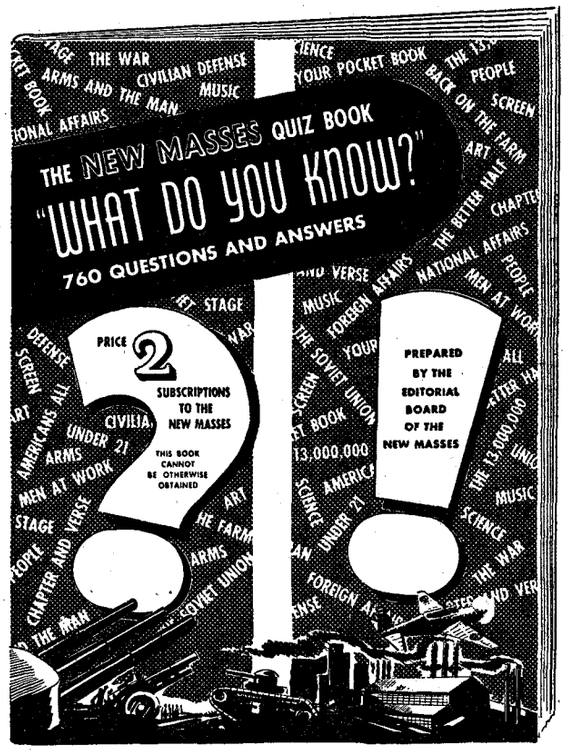
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